Kieron Gillen | **Caspar Wijngaard**
Clayton Cowles | Rian Hughes

Volume One
THE SUPERPOWERS

THE
POWER FANTASY™

"Of course, the ethical thing to do would be to take over the world."
—Etienne Lux

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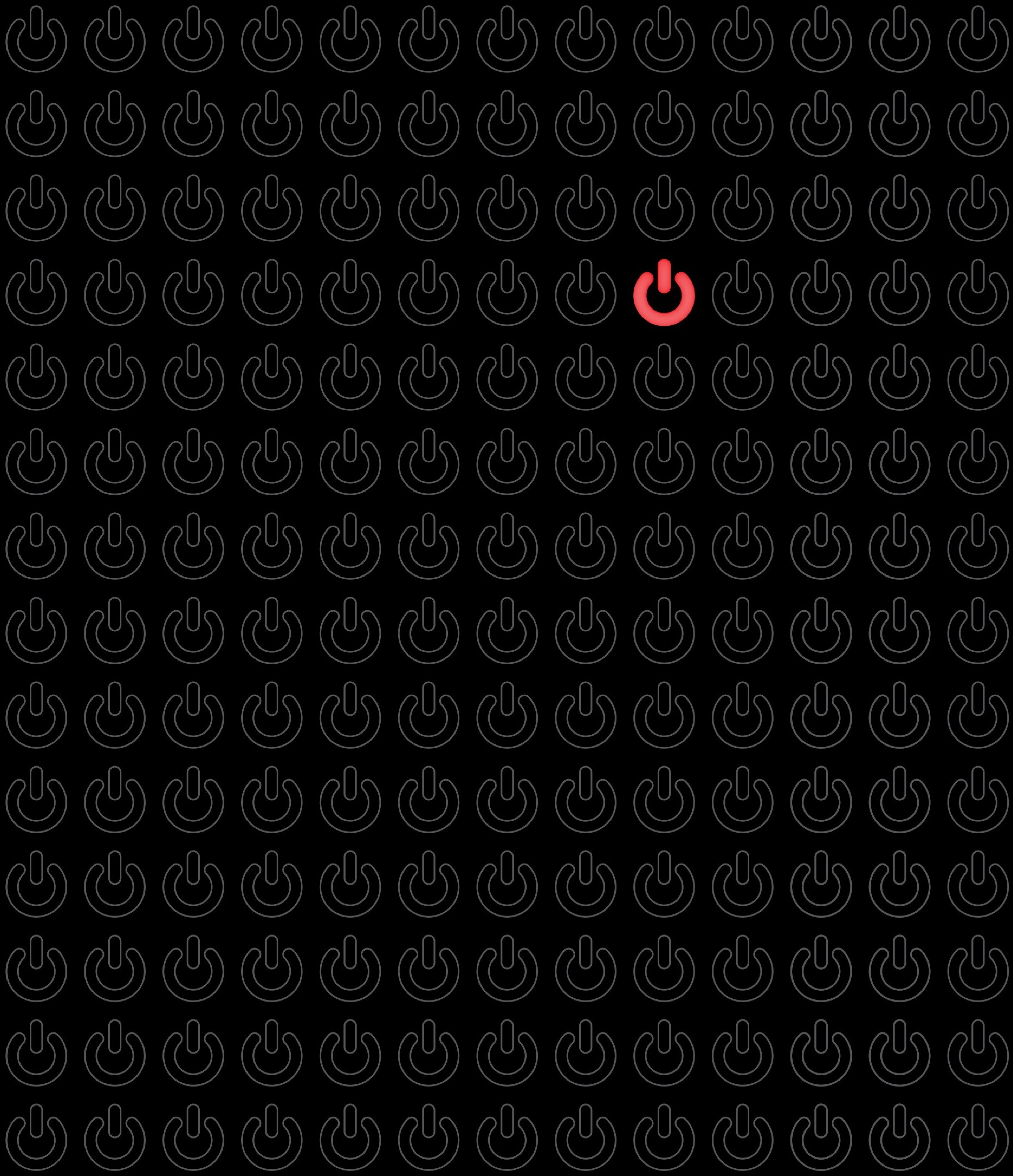
THE
POWER
FANTASY

Volume One | **THE SUPERPOWERS**



Chapter One | **HEROES AND VILLAINS**

1966,
NEW YORK.
PEACE
LOVE
W 10th St
PIZZA
EAT IN TAKE OUT
LOVE
NO MORE WAR
Of course, the ethical thing to do is take over the world.

Is that *instead* of going to see the Lovin' Spoonful or *as well as?*
Valentina. I'm serious.
Don't be. I really don't need this. Etienne, if you're serious, I'll--
You may not have been reading much in those years after the bomb, but *I* was.
Let me tell you about the pacifist Bertrand Russell...
...and why he once wanted America to conquer the world.

A beautiful mind. But when he understood what the atomic bomb really meant?
He knew a world empire was the best of the options we had.
As the second two countries had one, it would inevitably lead to global immolation.
He was wrong. We're here. I made sure of that and if I need to, I will again.
PIZZA
PIZZA
LOVE
NYC
VILLAGE RADIO RENTALS
LITTLE JOHN
New York Loves Valentin
I'm not going to let you sillies blow yourselves up.
He was wrong *so far* and *they'll* never forgive *you* for Cuba...
...but that's beside the point. If he is currently wrong, it's because of an impossible balancing act that needs to be maintained indefinitely...
...a task growing more difficult every time *another* country gets the bomb.
Now--forget the Nuclear Family, all my fellow Atomics with minor gifts.
Consider the two nuclear arsenals standing at the corner of Waverly and Christopher, eating a couple of slices.
And what do I think?
KEYFO
The world is ***phenomenally*** lucky that we're good people.
I ***should*** kill you.

Yes, you're right to think that.
Frankly, killing *us both* is the first solution, and perhaps the correct one, at least for a Kantian.
I'm here to protect them all. How is that wrong?
No, our existence is fundamentally immoral. Neither nation nor person should have the power to kill the world.
No one should have the powers we do. The ethical thing for us to do is not exist.
However, for a *utilitarian,* I'd argue that'd be abandoning everyone else. *We* are not monsters.
If we're gone, and someone on our level arrives who *is* a true monster?
The world would be a hell.
It won't be hell. Trust me on that.
I'm sorry, Lux.
Don't. We have two options: world tyranny or trying the balancing act.
Both involve *not* killing me. Let me at least pitch you on my plan...
Humanity has always longed for an all-loving god. They've never had it.
Now they do--a pizza-eating one who's beginning to suspect she's not going to catch the Spoonful and is crossing her fingers she can make the Beach Boys...
I put it to you: you're shirking your duties if you're *not* a beautiful and beloved god-queen.
Stop flirting. I'm not god.
I'm just an angel.

If you ***wanted*** to do this, you could do it alone.
Why are you trying to recruit me?
Well, if I don't, you'd stop me. You're the only one who matters.
Plus together, we'd do it better. ***You*** remove all the military might. ***I*** tie their leaders' hands.
Afterwards, we rule as a benevolent duopoly until we work out something better-- some kind of psychic quasi-democratic model perhaps?
Why would the world trust you to run that?
Because I have a beloved god-queen beside me.
And why would ***she*** think you wouldn't mess with them, Mister Take-Over-The-World?
Firstly, I know those omniscient brown eyes of yours see everything I do.
You'd know.
Secondly, because that would be ***unethical.***
. . .

No can do.
I came down from perfection...
...to protect those within time.
Thank you for concealing us.
No one needs to see this.

Valentina... please, I...
Listen.
This is who I am.

I'm sorry. You...that's horrible.
I mean, difficult. You poor thing.
THNK
It is.
I tried to be ethical, as far as I could, but...
You did. People will still hate you for it but...you did.
So that's *another* risk you took with me today.
There is no risk with you. Whatever happens today, I **need** you to trust me.
You need to know my plans--if you don't condone them, I can't do *anything.*
So now I know your *plans...*
...and your *safeguards.*
Yes. You may *suspect* that if I died I *wouldn't* release a psychic contagion...
...but you won't risk the death of a continent over the chance I *am* unethical enough to do so.
Oh, I'm more worried you've found some dumbass way to make yourself think murdering a continent is the ethical thing to do.
Quite.

So, you reject Plan A?
Plan B it is.
THE COMET
The balancing act.
THE COMET
You'd rather be a shepherd than a queen? I'll be a shepherd, too.
We can't ever come to blows, no more than the human nuclear states can.
Yeah. The Superpowers can't fight.
No one would survive.
...I need to go public. A new Atomic has emerged with gifts commensurate with ours. He isn't as kind as you or as careful as I. They'll be petrified.
The Nuclear Family won't be party tricks and floating boy stories. Atomics need a spokesperson. A theorist. Someone to contextualise the horror...
vs power
The Atomic Family
The Atomic Family
Powers vs power
FREAKS
NO MORE
The Atomic Family
...but mostly someone the governments can work with.
A good person.

Sweetie-- in the last ten minutes, you threatened *the death of millions.*
In what universe are you a "good person"?
Really?
This one.
ONE WAY
LOST AND

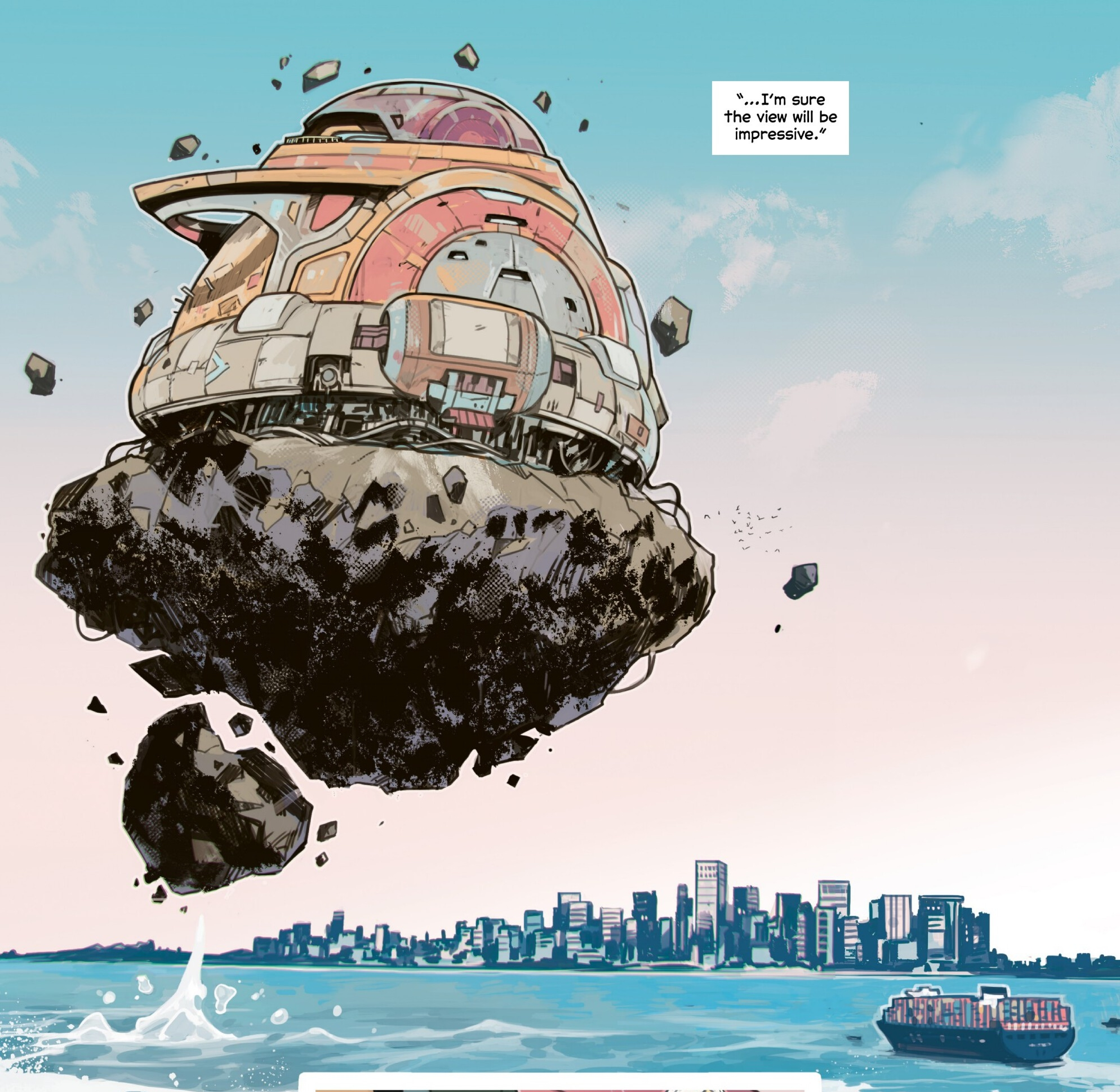
Superpower (*noun*):

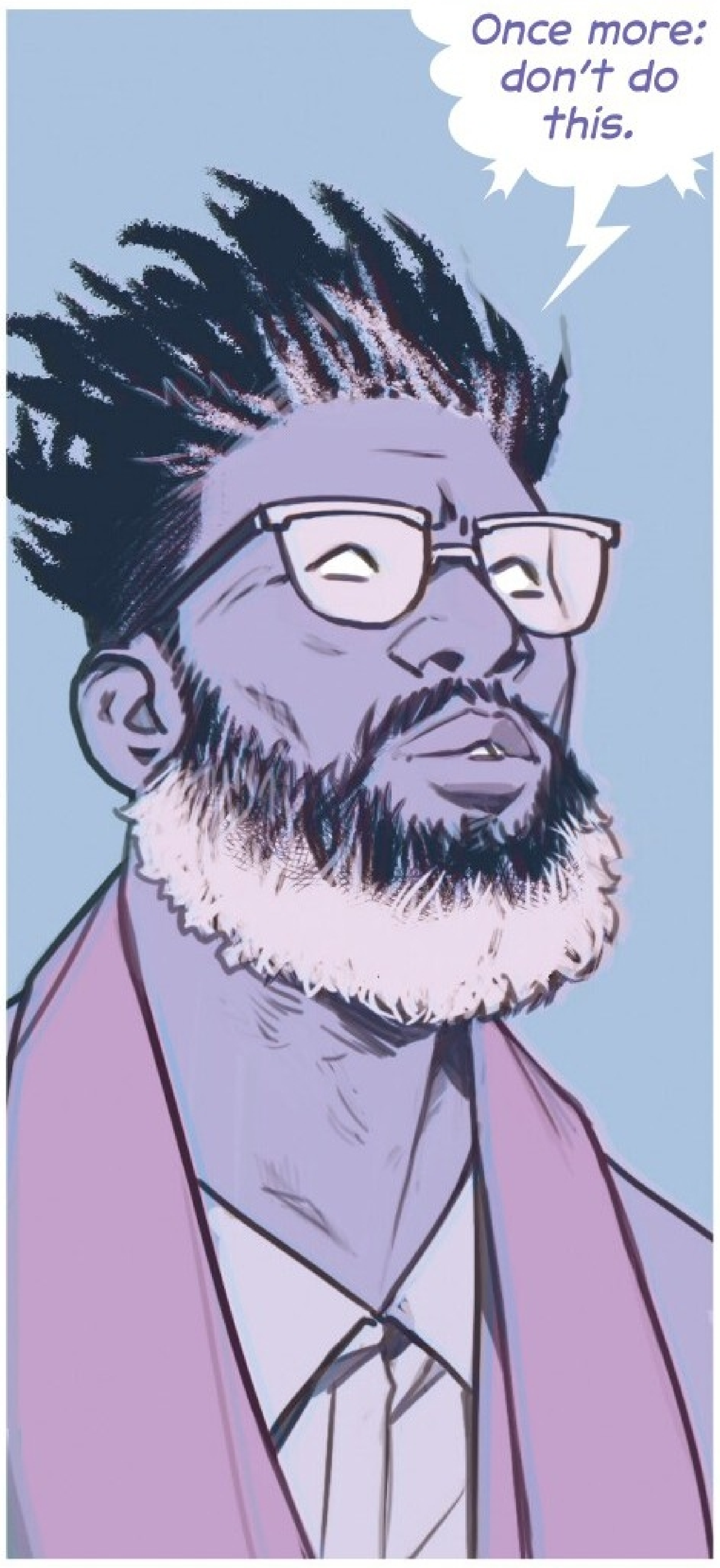
1. A nation state of such extreme power that the world's political stage is divided into these nations and their affiliated nations.
2. an individual with the destructive capacity of the nuclear arsenal of a major world power.
3. (*archaic*) Any extranormal abilities possessed by a fictional superhero.

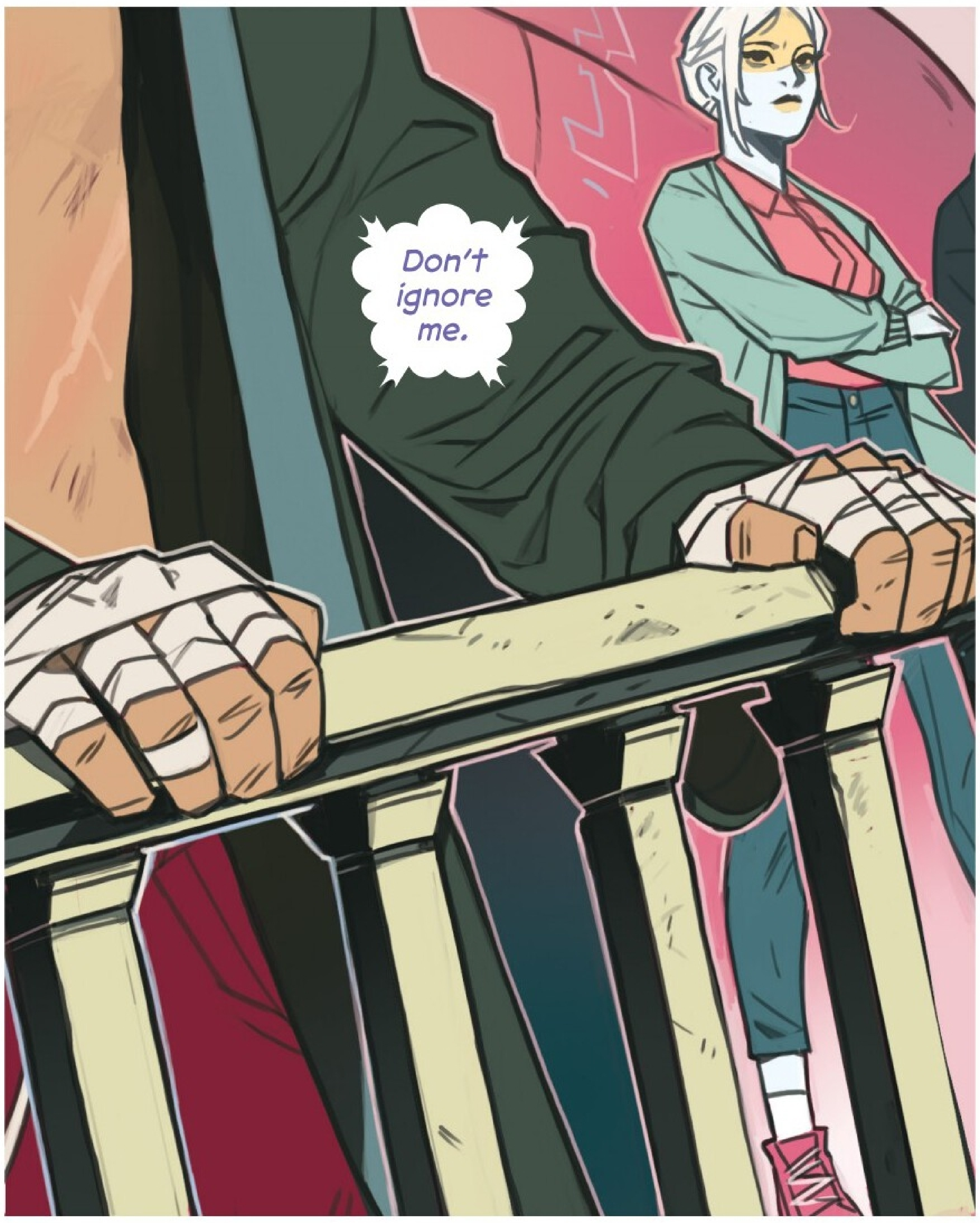
1999,
NEW YORK.
VINEYARD CAFE
Thanks for the audience.
"Audience." Please, don't do that, Tonya.
I don't need compliments. I need teasing.
I need people to keep me humble.
Like, *truly* abominable table service.
And the Americans mocked Paris for its brusqueness.
You hide yourself when you walk around, but you suffer crappy service when you could just skip the line with a psionic jimmy?
I could...
...but that would be *unethical.*
Cream? Sugar?
SUGAR

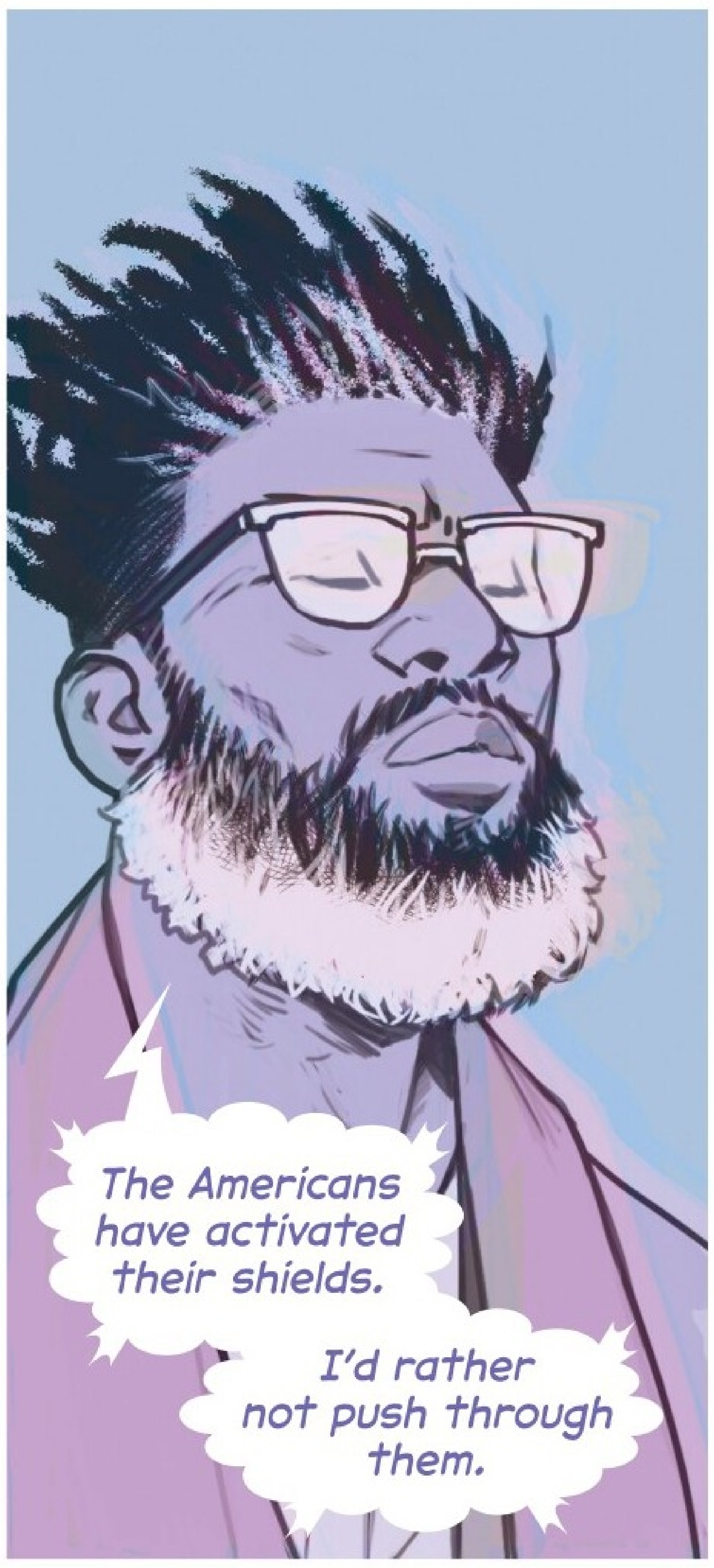
RD CAFE
Both, thank you.
So, why speak to me?
You're Family, for a start.
Yeah, but it hardly counts.
I've got lightshow fingers.
Of course it counts. Light in the dark matters.
I also like your work.
You read *my* work.
Not before the request came through. I took a few seconds to scan a few people who had.
I like how you dance between different waves of theory.
You're someone who can see what time it is, while also knowing what other times have been.
Now, now. *I* need to stay humble, too.
Can I record?
Certainly. Not all of us have eidetic memory.
Let's start at the basics. You're closing in on the big 5-0. You've been on the public stage since you were a teen.
What do you wish people most understood about you?

The scale of my regrets. There's history books full of them, but they're not history to me--they're personal. The Second Summer of Love's shadow is never going away.
But the Signal? That was a failure. Tokyo, even. I think I take ***that*** most personally.
I'd say we all owe you for Tokyo.
Yes, but I could have done it ***better.*** All deaths are regrettable.
But I can't turn back time. I try to go forward and try to avoid future mistakes.
Ah. So... how do you feel about ⁝*ahem*⁝ Brother Ray's present plans?
CAFE
It's why I'm in New York, to be honest. I advised him against it. The Americans will have their pride, and it's pointless to irritate them.
He's a good friend, and is obviously hugely important to the Nuclear Family.
But...
...I hope he doesn't bring Haven over Manhattan.
And if he does?
RD CAFE
NYC
Well...


"...I'm sure the view will be impressive."


Once more: don't do this.


Don't ignore me.


The Americans have activated their shields.
I'd rather not push through them.

Why bother? We know what they're thinking. "Fuccccccccck."
Don't worry. I'm just showing off, man. They need to chill.
If you're worried, why *don't* you push?
I'd rather they not know I can.
Plus, it'd betray my promises to Magus.
Fuck Magus, backsliding coward.
*I would concur...but I would also say don't **you** "fuck" **us.***
The Americans may be foolhardy enough to try something. They won't back down forever.
And ***they*** know if they step up, they'll be doing the next election with 49 states.
They need to understand that the Family is free of the shackles of their small minds.
A city supported by a gravity singularity makes that fucking clear.
Yes. Very showy. Annoying. Plays havoc with my sight, which is, of course, why you made it.

The U.S. government has their shields. Let me have mine.
And don't be a bitch. I'm just making it clear to everyone in America where we are, and that I'm there to protect them.
There's a lot of scared kids down there.
I want to tell every Atomic down there to look up and know the truth.
That we're here and we love them.
And to tell everyone who ***isn't:*** *"We're above you."*
You're stoned and orating a manifesto. Stop it. We used to actually be friends. This is a mistake.
Remember when you said you'd listen to me if I said something was a mistake? I'm saying it now.
Nah, Etienne. I'm not doing anything wrong. Just going for a walk and putting on a show.
If they hate it, they're just telling on themselves.
MECA
Who can hate bringing my little aurora borealis homage downtown?

Wow. That *is* pretty.
He's always been the showman. Even in Detroit in the early days.
He likes playing to a crowd.
And you?
I like conversation. I like travel. I like brunch, when it arrives.
I like being alive, and I think that right should be extended to as many people as possible.
"As many people as possible"?
You can see why people are uncomfortable when you say things like that.
Yes, I know... but lying unnecessarily is unethical.
*"Lying **unnecessarily.**"*
There you go again.
Yes, there I go.

So...death is "occasionally necessary." Do the same rules apply to you?
What if one of your peers thought the world better off without you?
It's come close. Valentina was first--saying she'd kill me over something back in 1966.
A foolish mistake, but then, she is our idealist.
If you have decided someone has to die, you kill them.
Declarations of war are for the Victorians.
First strike is the only hope any superpower has.

FOOOOM
What is it?
They've tried to kill Heavy.
"Tried"?

VEGA
Yes, tried.
Excuse me. This needs my full concentration.

Valentina!
I'm not going to let him kill a whole state.
I know, but you fighting him will be worse.
You know what he'll want. Do I have your permission?
*It's nothing **you** haven't already done.*
Don't go too far.
I'll watch for anyone launching nukes.

Eliza?
They shot Heavy. Eye for an eye.
I need to do what I need to do.
And I need **you** to stop Magus if he tries something.
Etienne Lux. You're going to hell.
Well, I'll be in good company.

Masumi?
Masumi! I'm sorry to disturb you.
There's a **problem.**
Will it upset me?
This is... likely to upset you.
Then keep me out of it...
...I'm working.

Magus?
Yeah, fuck off, already.
The dumb cunt goes for it, we will, too.
No! Jacky, if it comes to that, let Valentina try. She's the cleanest.
The best way to take down the hippie fuck is piling in.
Eliza said she'll stop you if you do. Don't call her bluff.
And...this was done by some of your people. I know they'll turn out to be "Inverted Pyramid" renegades, but you know what I think?
SRK SKT
I think you've been supplying the U.S. government with Numinous weaponry.
As such, this is on you.
We have seconds. Heavy will act. Valentina won't let him. The dominoes tumble. Everyone dies.
Crap.
Do it.
So...

...what do you need to **not** throw Texas into orbit?
Do you have a time machine? I need that big red state to not have voted this trigger-happy fuck in.
They have to understand I wasn't fucking bluffing.
I'm the Family's **only** protector.
If **I'm** not here, **they** won't be soon, either.
Masumi isn't reliable. **You** can't be trusted.
Understood. So...what do you **want?**
I'll bloody my hands instead. Surgery instead of annihilation.
Tell me.
FPT
For a start?
The president, dead.

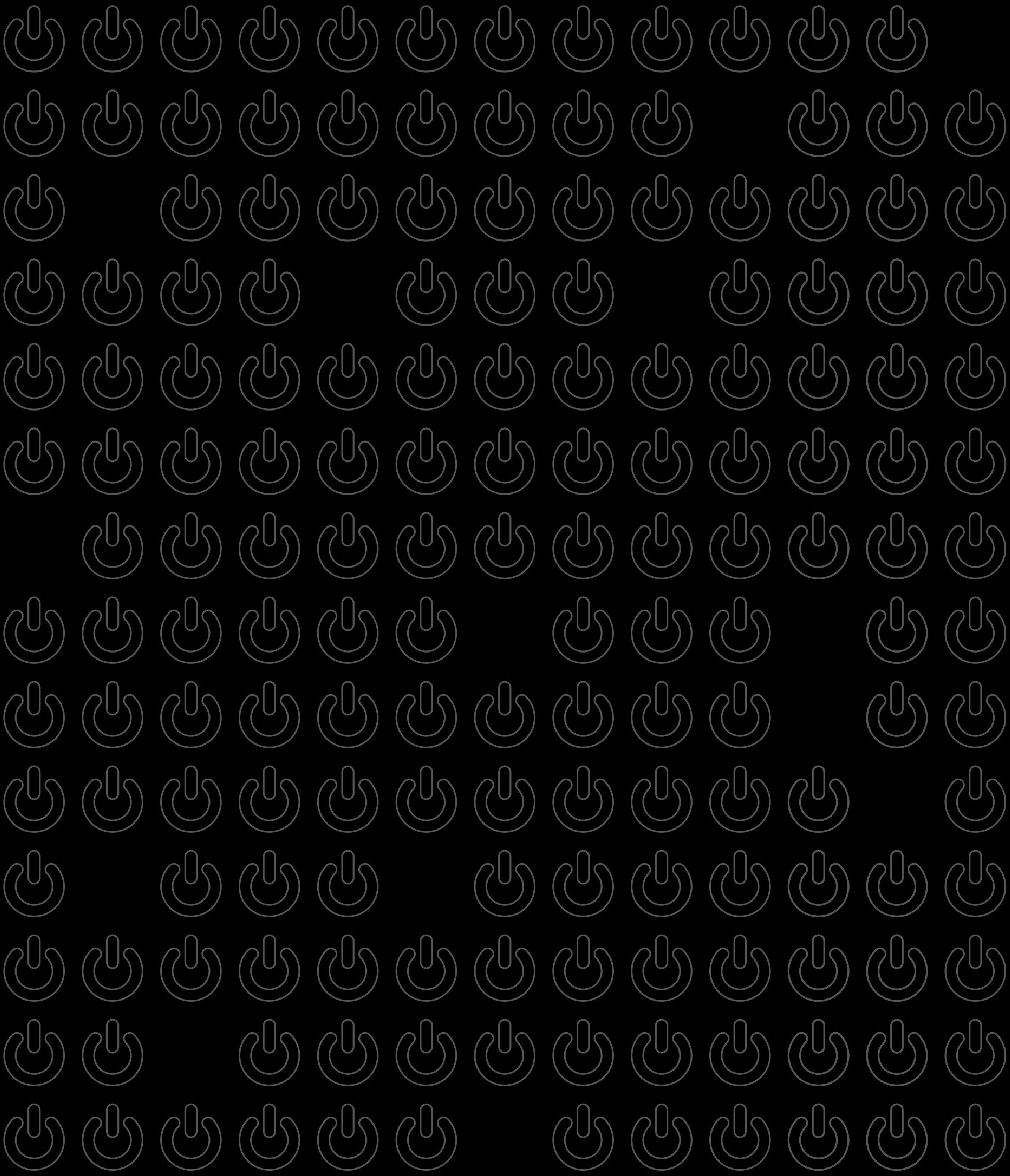
CODE RED
CODE RED
CODE RED
CODE RED
He's wearing a shield. I can't do it the easy way. I'd need a little time--
Now.
Optic nerve was accessible. I overloaded it. Less elegant and more painful, but... needs must.
Who else?
Everyone else in the war room.

Done. And?
Anyone in government who knew.
Easier, at least. Anyone else?
I took out the magicians in orbit. But...
...they'll have support staff, scientists, and the rest. Wherever they are, they're gone.
And all of the above's families.

No.
Don't be a wimp. Just *direct* family--spouse, parents, kids.
You know how it is. Everyone's happy to send *other* people's kids off to war.
The next lot needs to know the score.
Yes. And you should, too--I told you not to irritate them.
Let me present a counter-proposal. I'll take their families...
...if I can kill every member of your Family I can find.
They're *your* Family too.
You wouldn't.
I absolutely would.
In this situation, it's the ethical thing to do.

Okay, deal.
We're done.
I won't forget this.
Please don't.
Sorry for that. Also, I'll have to cut the interview short.
I've just murdered the president, amongst others.
I suspect that'll be unpopular.
Mr. Lux...
...is everyone safe now?

There's six people with Superpowers on the planet.
Of course not.



Chapter Two | **PUBLIC ENEMY**

1969, DETROIT.
Atomics VS Atomic Power
BLAM
END THE WAR
Atomics VS At ic Power
END THE WAR
NO WAR
s VS Atomic Powe

1999, NEW YORK.
This orbital strike is only the latest of many attempts to kill Raymond "Heavy" Harris.
With the death toll in the hundreds, the country is in mourning. It's still unsure who is responsible for this slaughter.
The prime suspect is telepathic omnipath Etienne Lux, last seen in Lower Manhattan.
The FBI urges everyone to pay close attention to recording devices.
If anyone has a sighting, they should--
Hello. I thought this would be the easiest, least intrusive, and safest way to talk.
I think it's *unlikely* anyone will fire a nuclear projectile at New York.
I just killed the president of the United States of America...
...his staff...
...and everyone involved in the development of this ill-considered strike on Haven.

My thoughts are with everyone who loved the dead. My action prevented Haven's own reprisal, which would have been **far** bloodier.
Still: all violence is a failure...and I know violent thoughts are now rampant among you.
Some are considering turning thought into action.
We must resist.
A stone thrown at a strange-eyed Atomic comes from the same place which drove this fine country's leaders to attack.
As in, **fear.**
1989
We must not submit to our fears.
If we do, it will consume us all.
The most awful thought?
The death toll today is the **least** it could have been.
Let's not change that.

LATER.
He finished the interview, walked off, headed uptown! I don't know anything!
I've got nothing! And *LAWYER!*
BEP
I would think that an Atomic under arrest the day *another* Atomic murdered the president would be more co-operative.
I'd think anyone with a badge would be more cautious about threatening an Atomic after today.
You ever read the paper about stroke rate in officers? A direct correlation between them and brutality complaints...
Yeah...and the rate's dropped since we got the psi-alarms. *Someone* knows better than to risk anything.
So guess which smart-mouthed Atomic bitch is out of luck?

I'm sorry.
I shouldn't have left you.
'NK NK
I've arranged passage to somewhere safe.
We'll make it look like I kidnapped you.
So, do the psi-alarms not work?
KLK
A prop. A placebo to calm them. As if Magus could mass-produce any Numinous technology like this.
He told me if I wanted to signal my presence, there's a button I could--
<LK
--*ah,* there we go...
We need to make this look like a kidnapping. Walk and stare directly ahead.
Think rather than speak. Don't worry--I'll only scan surface thoughts. To do otherwise--
Would be unethical, right?
So...
...have you been killing cops?

Come on, Tonya. You're a better journalist than that.
People will be comparing the old medical records to the corpses in Washington.
If there *is* some specific similarity...
It could mean anything. Strokes are strokes. The raised rates in the police could be stress of knowing that someone like me is out there. And, of course, I could be framed by a peer.
Heavy controls gravity, and while he is known for grand gestures, it's entirely possible he has fine enough control to force a stroke.
Magus is Magus, and constructs artifacts...and they're not all fakes.
I'd say that the stroke rate dropping when he drifted rightwards after the Second Summer of Love may imply something.
I'd say only the ladies are clear of suspicion...
...but even then, one can't be sure.
Valentina and Eliza could be concealing capabilities.
But not Deconstructa?
No, of course not. That is beyond Masumi, alas.

TOKYO.
CAPPUCCINI
Hey, Isabella.
I finished it.
Good work, Mia Bella.
I made ciambella. Your favourite.

Thank you. I wish it wasn't like this every time.
I can't work without pressure...and now I'm worried there's no time to install it...
People will jump through burning hoops to make it happen.
We all know how important this show is to you...
Yeah, it is. The paintings aren't ***right,*** but they're the closest I've come to expressing ***it.*** I know that's impossible... but I try, I try, I try.
I can't wait for everyone to see them.
...Etienne contacted me last night. He said it was something that may upset me.
I hope he wasn't going to cancel.
What's happened?
Come on! I won't explode.
I ***promise*** I won't explode.

No cameras up here. Stand near the ledge, clear of any obstructions.
Heavy has agreed to take you to Haven.
Couldn't he take you there, too?
Of course. If a man can levitate a continental shelf, he can extract two people...
...but I don't trust him.
You said you were friends.
I lied for an interview. It doesn't make the world sleep easy to know the Superpowers are no longer close.
Now, relax. While invigorating, you'll likely feel more comfortable closing your eyes...
So, I'm meant to relax ***after*** you say you don't trust the man dragging me through the sky with his mind...
Don't worry. You'll like him. There's much to like. It's simply our differences have become too much...
...and that was ***before*** today. Threatening to kill everyone on Haven is not something he'll forgive.
You did wh--

FPT.

Hey.
Welcome to Haven.
You're safe now.
LET'S FLOURISH TOGETHER
I love saying shit like that.
Come on. Let me show you around.

Etienne-monster-crayon-kitty-crimson-Masumi!
Etienne-monster-crayon-kitty-crimson-Mas--
I hear you, Masumi.
And **please** don't shout the key-phrase. If other people start thinking it, it'll be harder to pick you out when you need me.
...I presume you've heard the news.
You killed all those people. Deliberately. After all we talked about...
How **could** you?
Because if I didn't, more people would have died.
FLK
That's **why,** not **how.** How can you live with it? You're sensitive. You're smart. I can barely. I...
I can psychically control people.
That includes me. I keep myself balanced.
But not me.

No.
You know I would if I could, but...
My brain is a void no light escapes.
I didn't say that.
No.
It did.

We can talk more at the exhibition, if you can spare the time.
You're still coming? You're the most wanted man on the planet! How?
Aren't there cameras everywhere?
Yes, but I've tweaked anyone who's on shift so they don't see me.
The compulsion will dissolve soon enough. You don't leave psychic surgery like that lying around. Irresponsible.
The airport and flight will be trickier... but I believe I can handle it. I'll call in a favour to cover myself, too.
I can't be overconfident. I may make a mistake.
I'm only human, like everyone else.

Like the eggs?
The world came within inches of ending today.
How can you sit there and talk about *eggs?*
Imagine if America had tried a bullshit trick like that in the Cold War. To just *take out* the Russians' nuclear arsenal?
Missiles would be flying.
Washington got off lightly.
Lux talked me down, but I'd have done it to make sure people knew I wasn't bluffing.
Yes. If it wasn't for Etienne, *you'd* have become one of history's greatest mass murderers.
They knew the cost and rolled the dice.
The shot at me was a step towards genocide of the whole Family. Including you. You're welcome.
Texas is a red state, yeah, but it's got Atomics there. Dead. You're welcome.
Poor people. Black people, too...and you'd have had to kill them all as a result of your egotistical, flyby bullshit.

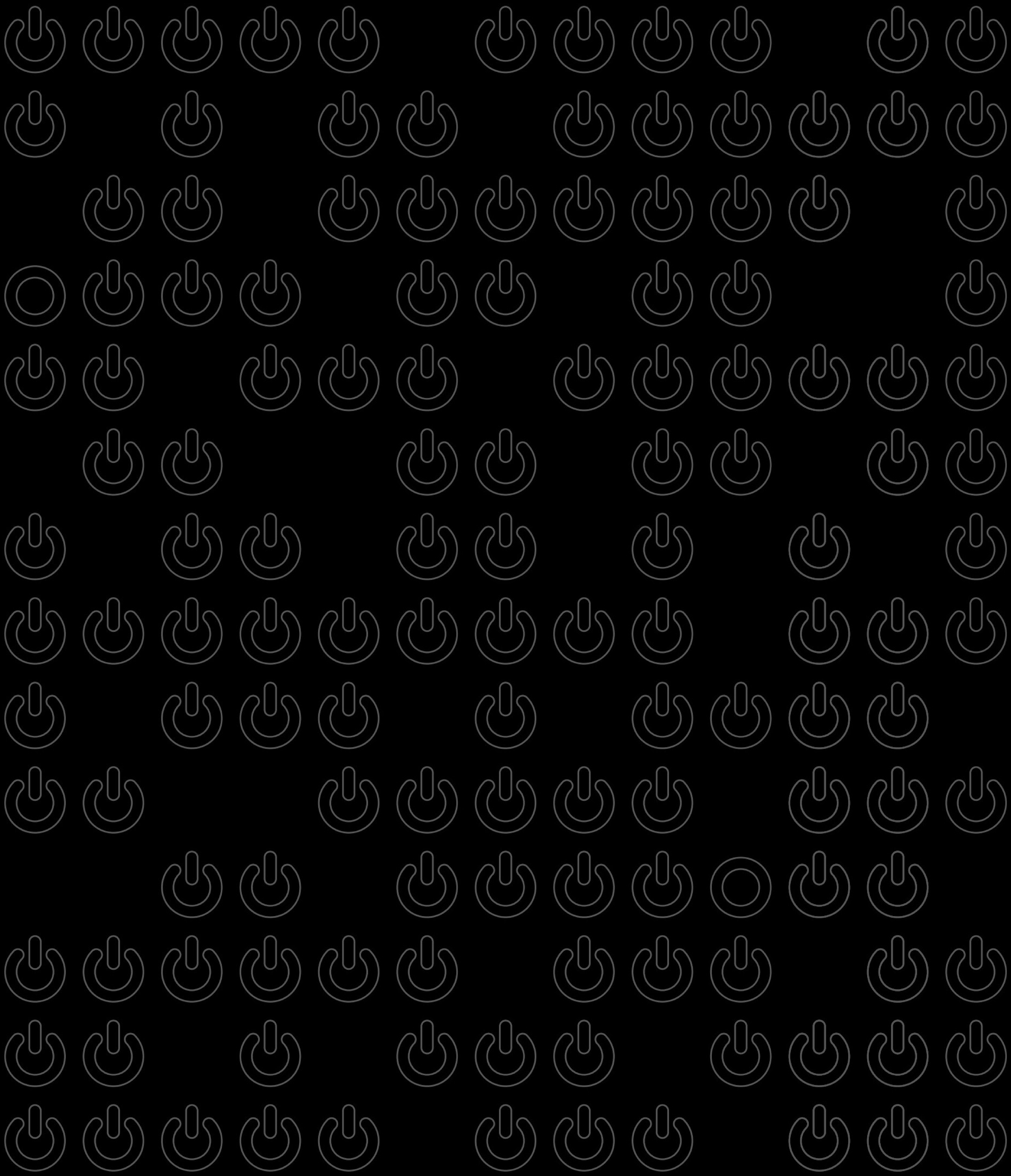
It was a mistake.
I didn't believe Etienne when he said they were so scared.
I didn't expect that.
I'm pushing fifty. I'm not *just* that guy any more.
And I--
Hey, Heavy, Family time.
Let's go.
"Family time." Aren't *I* family?
You're new. You're Family, but you're not ***committed*** Family.
Family isn't always Family. Etienne's Family, and he threatened to kill everyone in Haven.
Is this... culty?
Tonya, are you asking about our weird sex stuff?
We're open about our weird sex stuff.
We're ***secret*** about our ***secrets.***
"The fucker is keeping us all in the dark about what he's up to..."

THE PYRAMID.
So, Magus, you're ***not*** here to apologise for your gizmos getting into the hands of the U.S.?
SAVE
Listen. You know the reason this system holds is because I can tell how strong we all are.
We don't need to butt heads to work out a pecking order.
I look at you two and squint in the right way?
I see you're the same as you ever were.
I got my best look at Etienne in a while when he was turning off all those brains...
He's getting stronger.
I know he's your friend, but maybe one day the arsehole will be able to cut through ***this.*** Or take over you or even Eliza...
What would he do with his brain ***and*** your brawn? What would he do if he didn't have to worry about you?
He can't do that.
It's impossible.
Wake up.
Is Angel-Girl ***really*** not believing in miracles?

Humans got through the Cold War thanks to the mutually assured destruction tango. *We* nearly didn't. After Heavy popped Captain Arsehole, we were all too aligned.
We all saw how that hippie bullshit turned out in 1989. So I went right, and Eliza arrived to join me.
I'm not "right."
I'm righteous.
Hey, whatever.

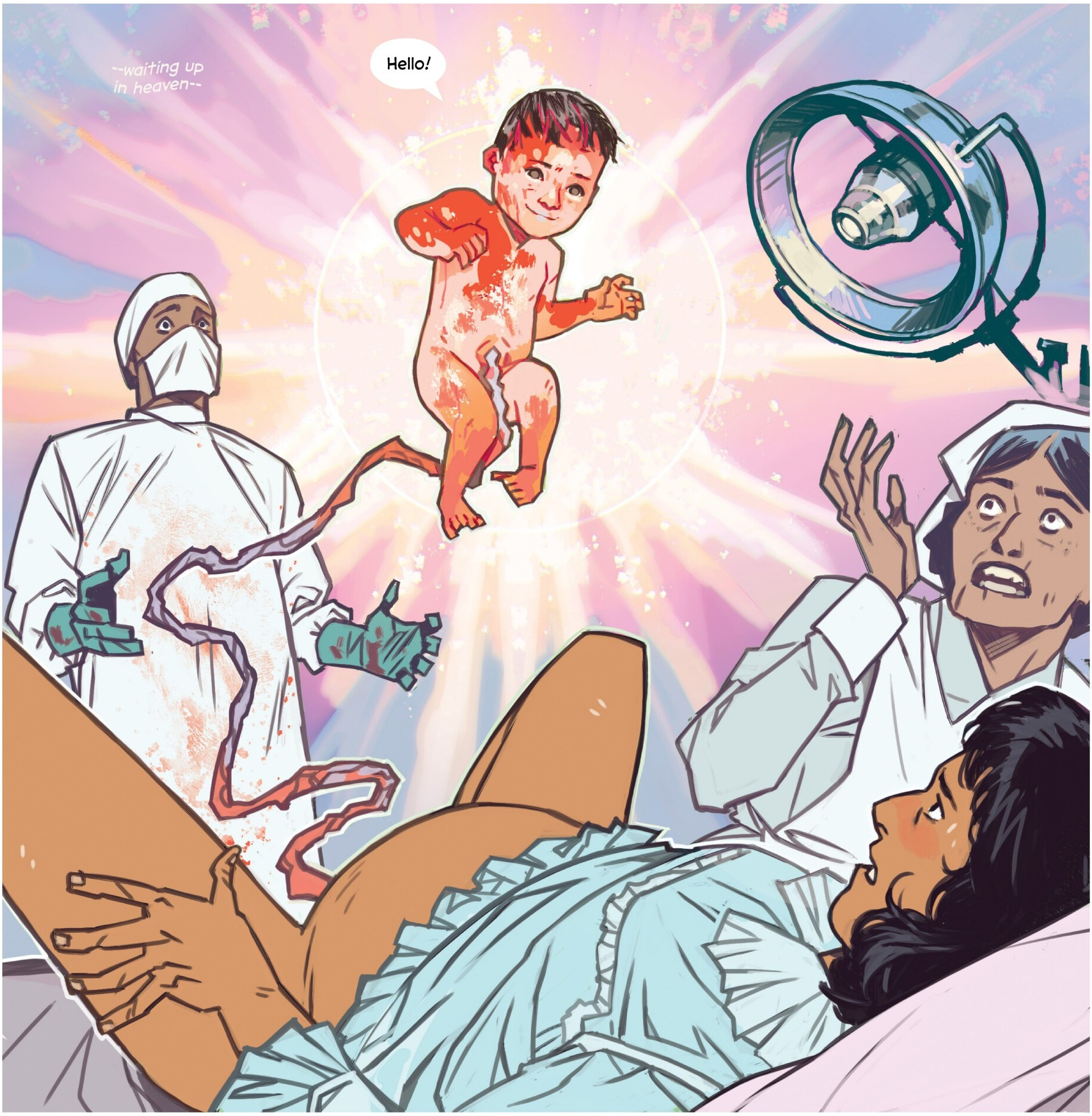
Either way, there's a balance now, and it's held for a decade.
If that's changing, we need to know what to do, ideally before any of us picks up a truck full of shit and throws it at a fan.
RAVE
When?
Soon.
Because the second *anything* unbalances the system?
We're all going to burn.

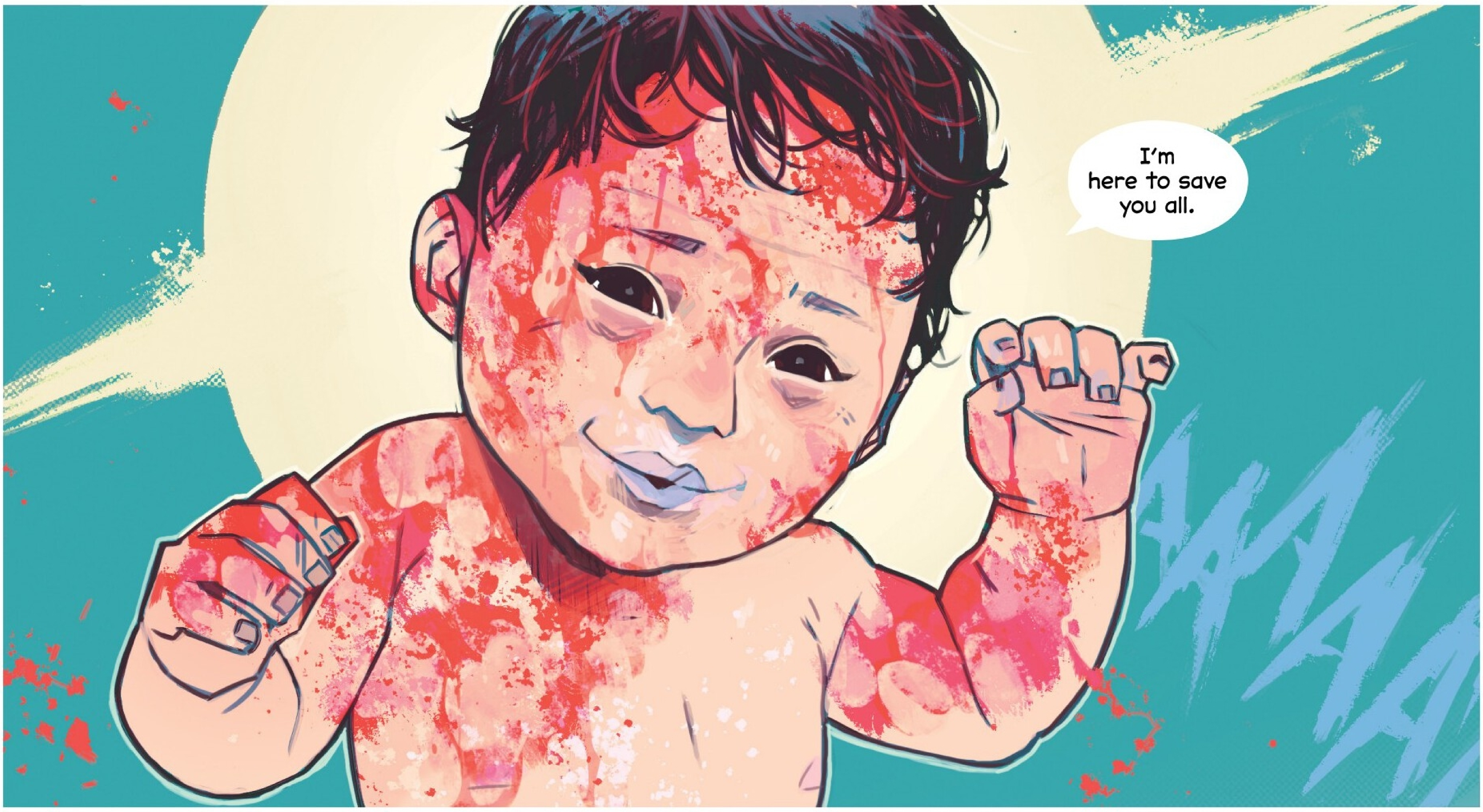
Dad, this is going to be so fucking sick.
MODE SEVEN
NIGHT BREED



Chapter Three | **THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE**

JULY 16th, 1945, LOS ALAMOS.
JULY 16th, 1945, SÃO PAULO.
--onna take a sentimenta--
--heart at ease--
It's a girl.
It's a--
--that's the time we leave--
My god.


--waiting up in heaven--
Hello!


I'm here to save you all.
AAAA

1999, THE PYRAMID.
Yeah, Eliza doing that is never going to stop scaring me shitless.
Okay, Valentina. I need a word ab--
Hey, I found something of yours. I think I've had it since '85.
Er... sorry?
FPT
I wanted to wait until Eliza had gone. You know how she warps vinyl.
Cheers, luv. But...this is transparent distraction tactics.
You still haven't said what you think.
Forget about Etienne growing in power. Look at Heavy. What the fuck is he going to do next?
Seriously-- Never Trust A Hippie.
SAVE
And Nazi Punks Fuck Off.
DEAD KENNEDYS
That's unfair, and you fucking know it.
It's not even that the Americans got their hands on your weapons.
I don't trust *anyone* who makes weapons.

1946, BRAZIL.
Er...
...destroy it?
I don't think I'll be staying with you.
Bye!
Hello!
Can you be my *mamãe?*
I'll be good.

Me, the Pyramid, and Eliza saved the world in '89. *You* fluffed it. Everyone else just twiddled their fingers.
That changed me.
You come from a place where there's no change. You're not used to it. Etienne is changing.
You can get closer than I can. He's never liked me, even before.
There can't be two smartest guys in the room.
Listen to yourself. *"Smartest guys in the room."*
Why does it always have to be ***guys?***
Cut the crap! This is as serious as it gets.
I'm worried you're going to be a total tit and go tell him everything!
Do you think I'm that stupid?
I think you're **good.** You're **moral.** He's **ethical.** That doesn't mean you're on the same side.
You're nothing like each other!
LOVE

1957,
TOULOUSE.
maison d'enfants
L'ANGE CONTRE LE DIABLE
Excuse me.
You're like me.
No. *You* are like you and *I* am like me.
But *we* are like no one else, at least not yet.
I'm Etienne.
I think we should be friends.

I'm Valentina. And great! I love being friends!
No, you don't understand.
Those who are unlike anyone else *need* to be friends.
Frankly, I'd want you as my friend even cynically.
I can't... *enter* your mind.
Nope! I can see when you do things. It's how I found you.
There was this web of glowy stuff strung across the world. I always wondered who it was.
Why didn't you come earlier?
Because you weren't hurting anyone and it was none of my business.
But when that out-of-control Atomic was about to fight me...you shut him down. Mentally. His gift. Everything.
"The Devil" was an egotistical man who believed his random gift of somewhat significant power *was* power, not a duty.
You would have stopped him, but there would've been more deaths.
It was the ethical thing to do.
If I'd done it quicker, you wouldn't have needed to step out of the shadows.
Now everyone *else* knows the urban myth of a helpful girl going from family to family is actually true...
You knew I was real?
I did. I watched. I researched. It's what I do.
You're not an Atomic. You're something else, and seem to be a profoundly moral person.
Which leads to a further question...
...*are* you a person?

Between the higher realms of order and the place that churns beneath, there is a single timeline.
All that truly lives is in that single filament--an impossible blessing.
You're all so lucky and none of you really realise it.
The candle flame is threatened by a great nuclear fire. I descended to guard it.
The papers are right. You *are* an angel.
...Heaven? What's it like?
I don't remember.
Nice, I bet.
...What are you going to do?
I was living with an American family for a while...
One time, they took me bowling.
With kids, they put these big inflatable things in the gutters to stop the ball falling in.
And I thought: "That's me!"
Hmm. So, what counts as the ball going into the gutter?
Oh, I'll know it when I see it.

There you are.
Why are you having a secret meeting with Magus?
SAVE
You know we had a meeting. It clearly wasn't a secret meeting.
It was a meeting we kept secret from you! Totally different thing!
You're pushing 60 and you remain an infuriating child.
What was it about?
Oh, same as ever...
...the Music of the Future.

1962, NEW YORK.
The Soviet ships are still approaching the blockade. It's unknown how many weapons the Soviets have already placed on Cuba...
The standoff continues.
Soviet sources say that when Santa Valentina has rendered intercontinental strikes ineffective, short-range capabilities to match the U.S. Turkey nuclear bases are necessary for--
KLLK
Number 1 in the UK. I think you'll like it. -Lux
The Tornados
STAR
ver
DEC

Mr. President!
I've told the Soviets already...
...but I'm going to do something.
Don't launch. You'll be tempted.
Derr-derr-derr...
...der-derr-derr-derr-derr--

CUBA.
U.S. NUCLEAR BASES, TURKEY.
DECCA

Valentina. You did it. After you stopped me, I thought--
It couldn't be stealthy. That would be bad.
Everyone had to know. Everyone ***has*** to know.
I balanced them. No one gets nukes anywhere they can hurt people so quickly.
Do you approve? It seems like your sort of thing.
Yes. It is. That's what worries me.
I thought you were going to sit by. What made you act ***now?***
I heard the music of the future.
The music of the future needs a future to exist in.
There are times I wish I'd never sent you that record.

But I will respect your secrecy.
I need a favor.
ANTI ATOM
I'm heading to Tokyo. I need to be at Masumi's show.
To disappoint her is too great a risk.
I'm heading east--to Dubai, and then to Tokyo.
JFK - HND
I'll see you there. What's the favor?
It's possible they'll realise I'm aboard at some point during the flight.
I think the U.S. and their allies will at least consider destroying the plane.
TAK TAKA TAK
They may think if I'm that high, my deterrence may not reach anyone.
That'd still be a plane of civilians.
Don't be naive. You know exactly who they are.
You've known since 1969.

1969,
NEW MEXICO.
ANTI-
ATOMIC

Well?
We can't see--
You need to understand.
You can't hurt me, but this can't happen again.
I'll live somewhere you can't kill people *trying* to hurt me.
I'm going to save you all.
But you're making it *very* difficult.
"I still think you'd have been kinder to kill them."

Everyone in the room died of radiation poisoning. Not pretty.
Liquidising organs. Skins sloughing. And--
Leave it. I was so angry I didn't think. And people think I'm radioactive *still,* even though I peed it out in a week or two.
Okay-- I'll protect you.
Thank you.
I'm not physically resilient. They think they can kill me.
It's more likely they'll try.
SAVE
Where are you--
There you are.
Wave!

I appreciate this.
Feel free to throw a drink in my face in Tokyo.
You murdered all those people. I *could* throw it hard enough to blast your face clear off. And--
Oh, I hate flying over Europe.
SAVE
Yes, I do, too. I'll be watching people's reactions when we do. It's always interesting.
To see who pulls down the blinds. To see who stares...
What do you think about?
SAVE
The Queen and her music. Whether I *could* have stopped her.
1989. The whole Second Summer of Love, going so well...

...and when the music stopped.

Major Public Actions of the Superpowers

(1945-1999)

1945

The beginning of the **Atomic Age.** The first atomic bomb is detonated and Valentina is born in Brazil. The first Atomics' abilities activate within six months. The first small "magical" effects are scientifically measured.

1953

His family dead in a crash, Etienne Lux awakes from a coma, powers active [see chapter 12].

1957

Sub-Superpower Atomic Occultist Trevor Hawkins names himself **The Devil** and tries to establish himself as a god-king on Earth. Santa Valentina steps from the shadows to stop him, while Etienne Lux quietly neutralises the threat.

1962

The **Cuban Missile Crisis** ends with the destruction of short-range nuclear sites in Cuba and Turkey.

1966

Etienne Lux goes public two days before Ray "Heavy" Harris was planning his own announcement.

1969

The New Mexico Festival Massacre kills tens of thousands in an attempt to assassinate Valentina.

1971

The U.S.A.'s search for a Superpower results in the announcement of **The Major** — "The One Man Arsenal of Democracy".

1971

After years of gaining a reputation as an underground guru with an unparalleled understanding of "magic", Jacky Magus formally establishes **the Pyramid**.

1978

The Signal arrives on Earth. Discombobulated, it claims to be a gestalt of the intelligences from a dying world. It attempts to overwrite the minds of a billion people before it's dispersed [see chapter 10].

1981

It's discovered that The Major is simply not as powerful as the U.S. government claims, and certainly more vulnerable. He is instantly killed by Ray "Heavy" Harris [see chapter 5].

1982

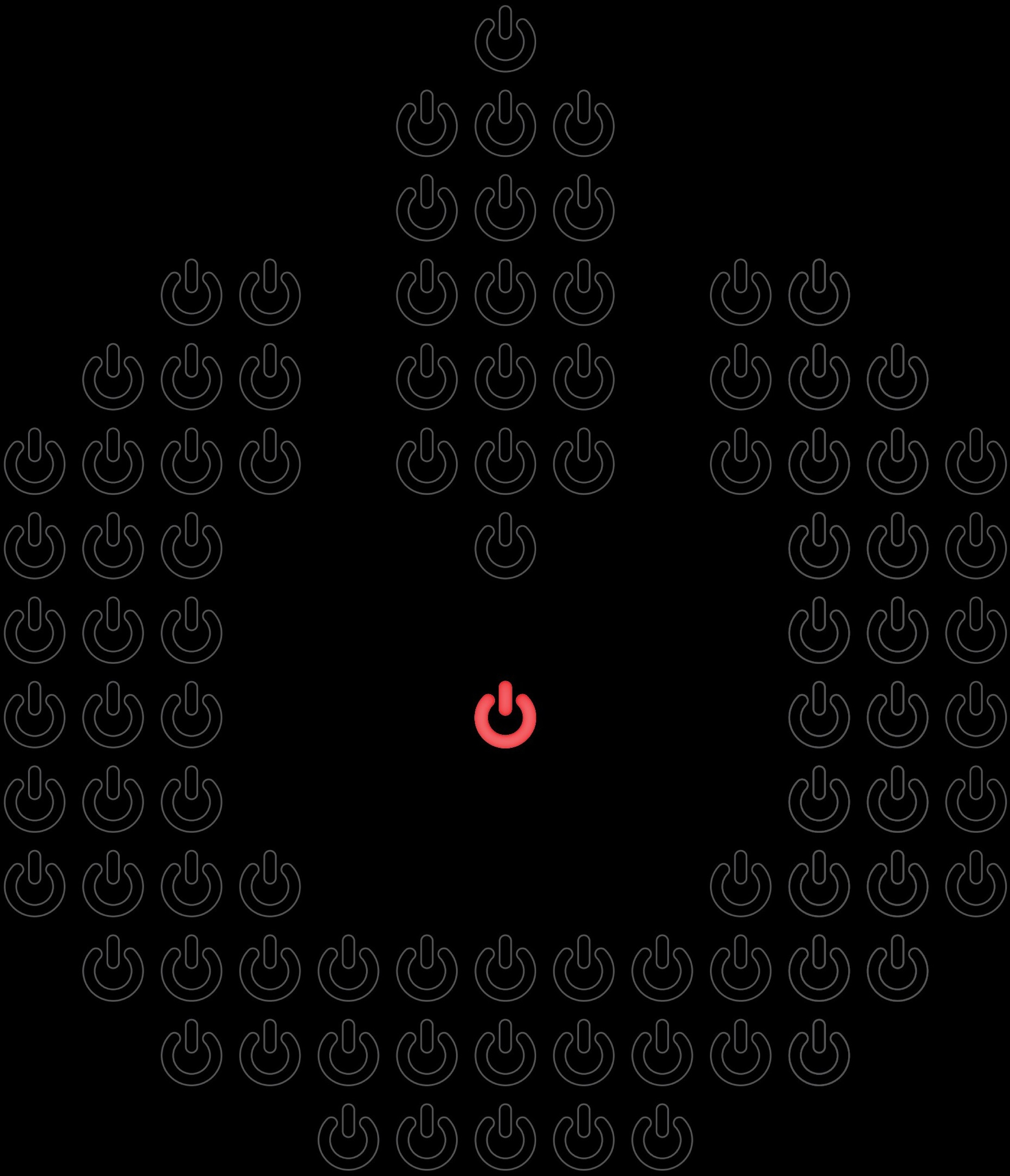
15-year-old Masumi Morishita's **Tokyo** event [see chapter 4].

1983

Heavy founds Atomic city-state **Haven** [see chapter 6].

1989

The Queen arrives from outside existence precipitating **The Second Summer Of Love** [see chapter 7]. What seems to be a true new age ends with her attempt to destroy reality. The descension of Eliza Hellbound [see chapter 8]. The Pyramid in Hell [see chapter 10]. All the western Eurasian landmass up to and including Moscow is destroyed, precipitating the collapse of the Soviet Union.



Chapter Four | **I RUINED GODZILLA**

**1982,
TOKYO.**

Morishita Masumi!

Please, listen.

I feel you're there.

You're distant, but you're there.

Stay with me. Don't go.

Come back to me.

Come back to us.

This isn't you.

1999, TOKYO.
Hey, Masumi. Bad news. Magus has cancelled.
He sends his apologies and his best wishes.
Asshole for the timing, but there's a really cute doodle.
BEP

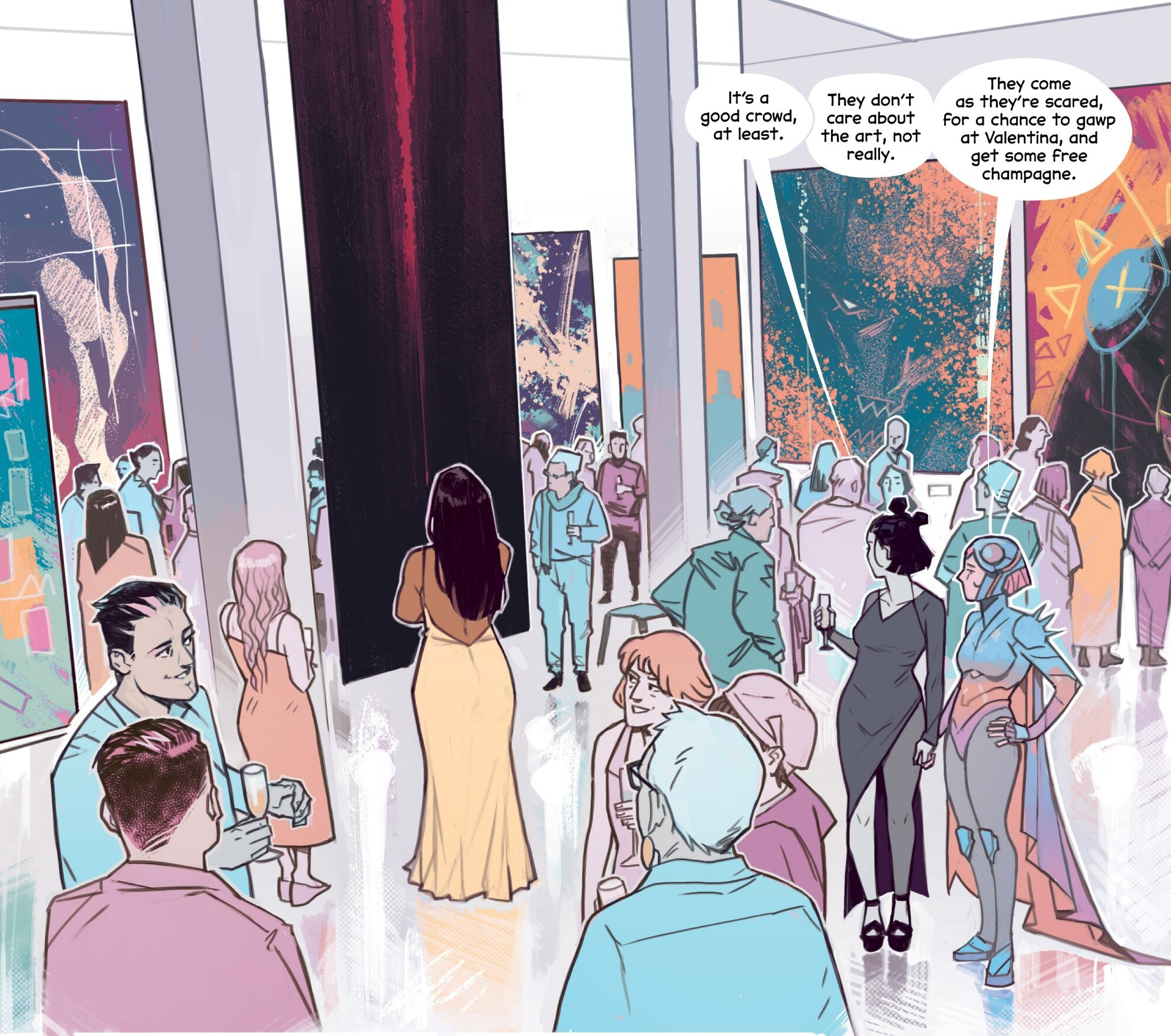
Masumi!
Sorry. It's okay. I'm okay.
It's not normally so easy to...*go.* I'm just tense.
It's okay. It's okay. You're here. It's okay.
Everyone will be there.
I just worry about Lux. He was always the one who was there for me...
If *he* isn't...
Etienne-monster-crayon-kitty-crimson-Masumi!
Please, think don't speak.

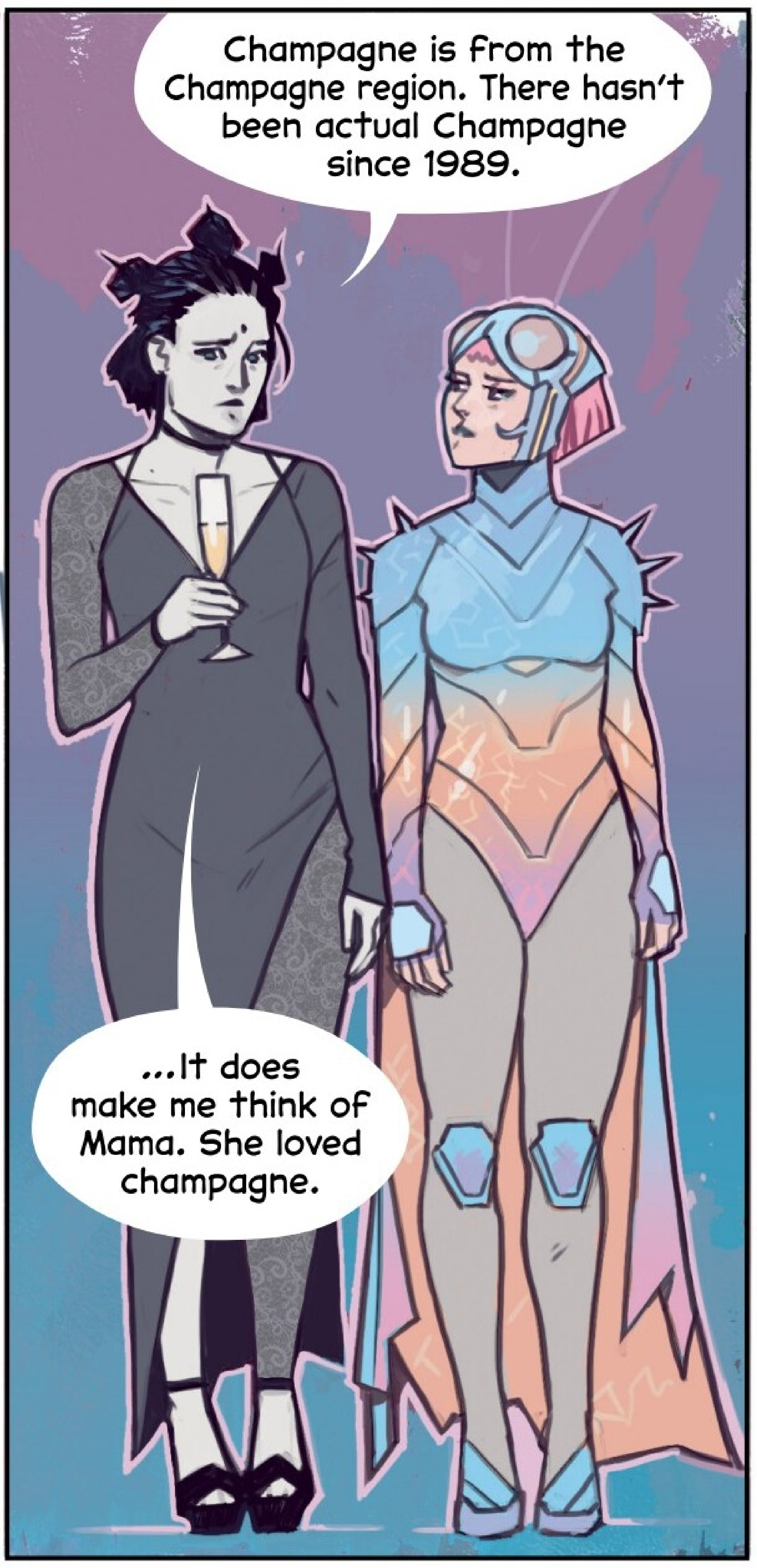
京成線
Are you here?
Just arrived. Exhausted.
I need to shop for a new suit and--
Oh. One second.
Half a dozen people are panicking ahead.
Let me just see what they're seeing...
Ah.
Excuse me, Masumi.
GATE 19

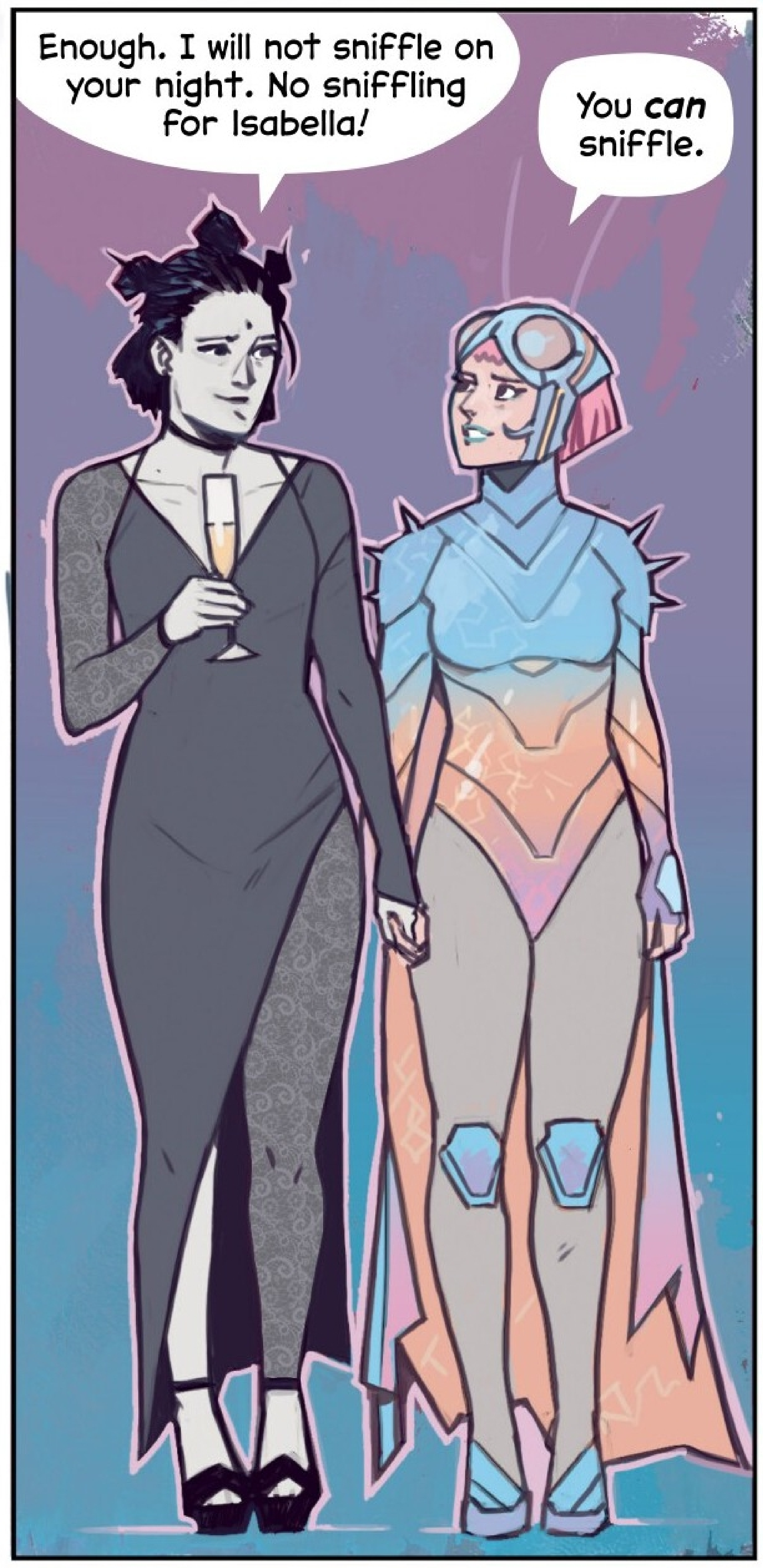
Tony? Tony Herbert? Congratulations on your Medal of Honor. A fine capstone to an illustrious career.
I can see why they trust you piloting that thing.
Actual Magus arcanology, entirely undeniable. **He** provided this.
It's sealed as well as he is. So, ***you're*** safe from me...
THNK THNK THNK THNK THNK
...and the powers that be presume that I won't kill a continent to avoid simple incarceration.
They are correct.
So...let's talk about your family. Melly and Abby. Three and five. Wonderful ages.
They all love you very much.
Of course, they'll be in Magus' vaults by now. You think they're safe.
Alas, you are mistaken.

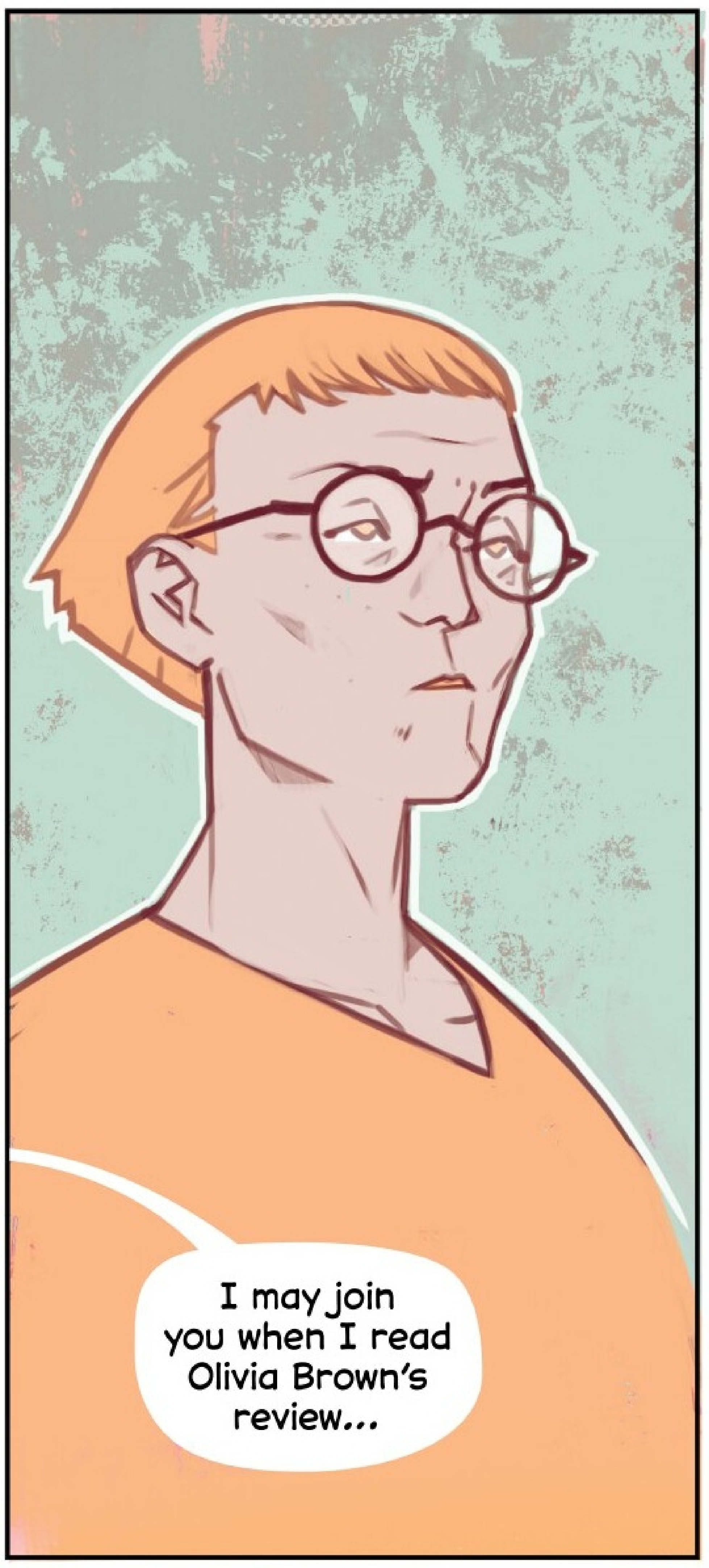
I have watched elite American candidates for some time. I could have tampered with you, but you'll have been checked out.
So instead, I've left a psychic trigger in all candidates' families to activate when they're cut off from psychic contact with me.
THNK
After a period of time, they'll open their wrists with their teeth.
So, if they're in the vault, the clock is ticking. You need to get them out and let me defuse my awful bomb.
THNK
I think I should be free and I think your family should be alive.
However, this is beyond my ability to decide. It's yours.
Are you a good man...
...or are you a good American?

I'm sorry, but if it helps, it is better to be a good man.
I wish I had the luxury.
I'm trapped striving to be an ethical one.
Masumi, sorry. A little distraction.
Yes, of course, I'll be there.
I wouldn't miss it for the world.


It's a good crowd, at least.
They don't care about the art, not really.
They come as they're scared, for a chance to gawp at Valentina, and get some free champagne.


Champagne is from the Champagne region. There hasn't been actual Champagne since 1989.
...It does make me think of Mama. She loved champagne.


Enough. I will not sniffle on your night. No sniffling for Isabella!
You **can** sniffle.


I may join you when I read Olivia Brown's review...

Why do you care so much what a critic thinks?
Everyone thinks she's the best and everyone's right. To have a good review from her would be... everything.
Does that make sense?
Hmm.
I don't worry too much about public approval.
Yes, we know.
You just murdered hundreds of people.
Well, yes. Hardly crowd-pleasing.
Speaking of which...I'd like a word with Magus. Where is our resident psychic blank?
He's not here. Had a thing.
Ah, yes, that would make sense.
Not entirely a stupid man.
You aren't going to turn this into a scene, Etienne...
Of course not. It's your night...
However...

...that decision isn't entirely mine to make.
Ray and a plus-one. Hello, Tonya, appearing in public.
So, you've decided you're *not* kidnapped?
He didn't kidnap me.
You kidnapped me.
Man, are you really going to give her a hard time? You were going to murder Family.
Including her. She would have been in range, right?
She was. But do remember: *you* nearly got everyone on the planet killed because you wanted to wave that member of yours on the world stage one more time.
Hey-- fuck and you.
Knock it off, you two. Don't be an ass, Etienne. And Heavy, you know he's right.
This Cuban Missile Crisis was because of your mid-life crisis.
Really? You're on his side?
Are you, Valentina? I appreciate you looking after me while travelling, but you were meeting with Magus.
Did you give the okay for my little welcome at the air--

Are you really fucking doing this?
Masumi. You're right. This was unforgivable. This is your night.
Yeah, babe. It's okay. We weren't thinking.
Sorry.
BEP
Masumi! Amazing news!
Brown's review has gone live.
She says that it's a triumph, which--

Fuck!
How stupid do they think I am?
She wasn't at the preview!
You wrote your review without ever seeing the work.
How *dare* you?

Masumi. You have to understand their fear.
Of course people print pablum rather than risk the end of the world.
And now she's risking the world by not telling me what she really thinks.
How great a painter would Hitler have had to be to justify the Holocaust?

You are no Hitler, but your work could never be worth what you cost.
You can never be good enough, but still you try.
You are no dilettante. You are a serious artist aspiring to serious work.
You show what it is to live in a world made of glass, and wanting to scream, knowing if you do, everything shatters.
At your best, there are moments when you make even us glass people feel the horror of what that would be like.
Will that do?

Thank you.
Thank you.
I was worried tonight would be a disaster.

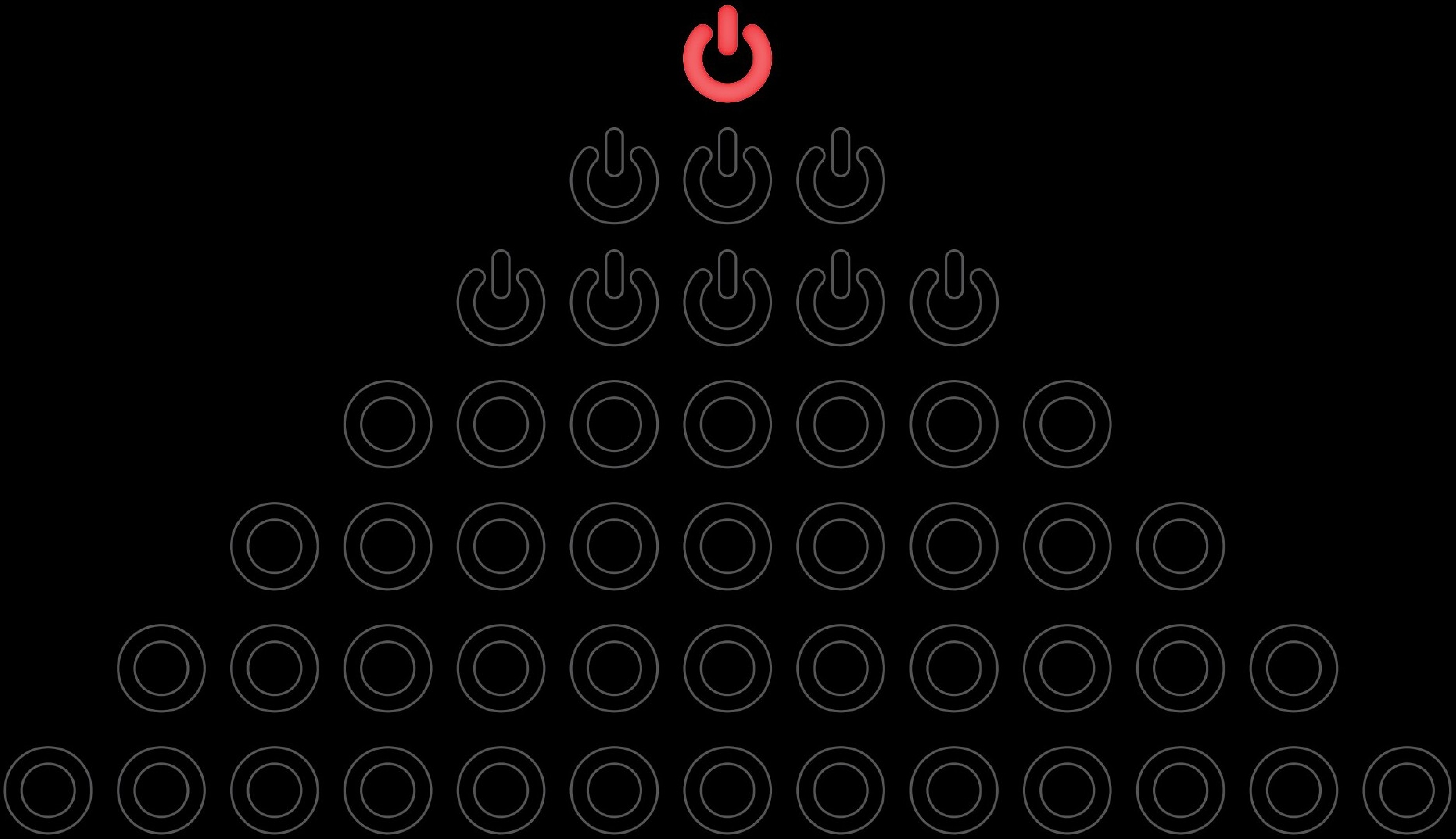
Come to bed!
Just one second.
I need to breathe...
VALIUM
バリウム
Tablets
10 mg
Etienne-monster-crayon-kitty-crimson-Masumi!
You don't need to say it aloud.

I'm not her. I'm her girlfriend, Isabella.
I know who you are.
Please, talk.
"I could never hurt you," she says. I know that's true.
She could never hurt me, **specifically.** She'd kill a city I was in.
If I make her unhappy, I know what happens...
I have no idea how I got into this mess...
Italy was destroyed. Your family are dead and if you weren't on a school trip, you would be, too.
You meet her, and...there is a part of you which is thrilled by it.
You are a profoundly traumatised woman whose unhealthy erotic and emotional attachments have grabbed a tiger by the tail.
You're blaming me?

No. If anything, I blame myself. I could have stopped you. I didn't. I felt it the smaller risk.
Masumi living without love is more dangerous than her living with love. She is someone who craves approval.
Attachment is very her. She bounced off Buddhism.
Your heart is kind. Compared to others who have designs, you are an angel.
However... despite the dangers, if you want out, I can help you navigate the minefield that is Masumi...
Yes. No. I...
Can you help me relax? Forget everything?
I can. Small tweaks are relatively easy. It keeps your personality intact.
Gross changes are obvious, and more unethical.
But a little nudge is easy, and often necessary to ease Masumi's path through life.
Who knows how she'd have reacted if I hadn't altered that critic tonight.

What? She didn't think Masumi was that good?
No, she thinks she's mediocre. Aspiration to seriousness is nothing.
Masumi knows the papers lie, but having Olivia Brown say lesser praise will be accepted by Masumi's narcissism.
That's horrible.
It is. But better her middling art is hailed as exceptional than we all die.
Truth is beauty and, as we cannot risk her having truth, true beauty will elude her.
And if you think me a romantic for a second: so will true love. Ironic and a tragedy.
But this will help you. I hope it'll last longer this time.
Wait--how many times have we done this? I--
Your ignorance is as important as hers.
Isabella... I know it's not easy. I can't imagine what it's like. But...
I'm grateful. I can't tell you how grateful I am.
I love you, Isabella.

Until the end of the world, Mia Bella.



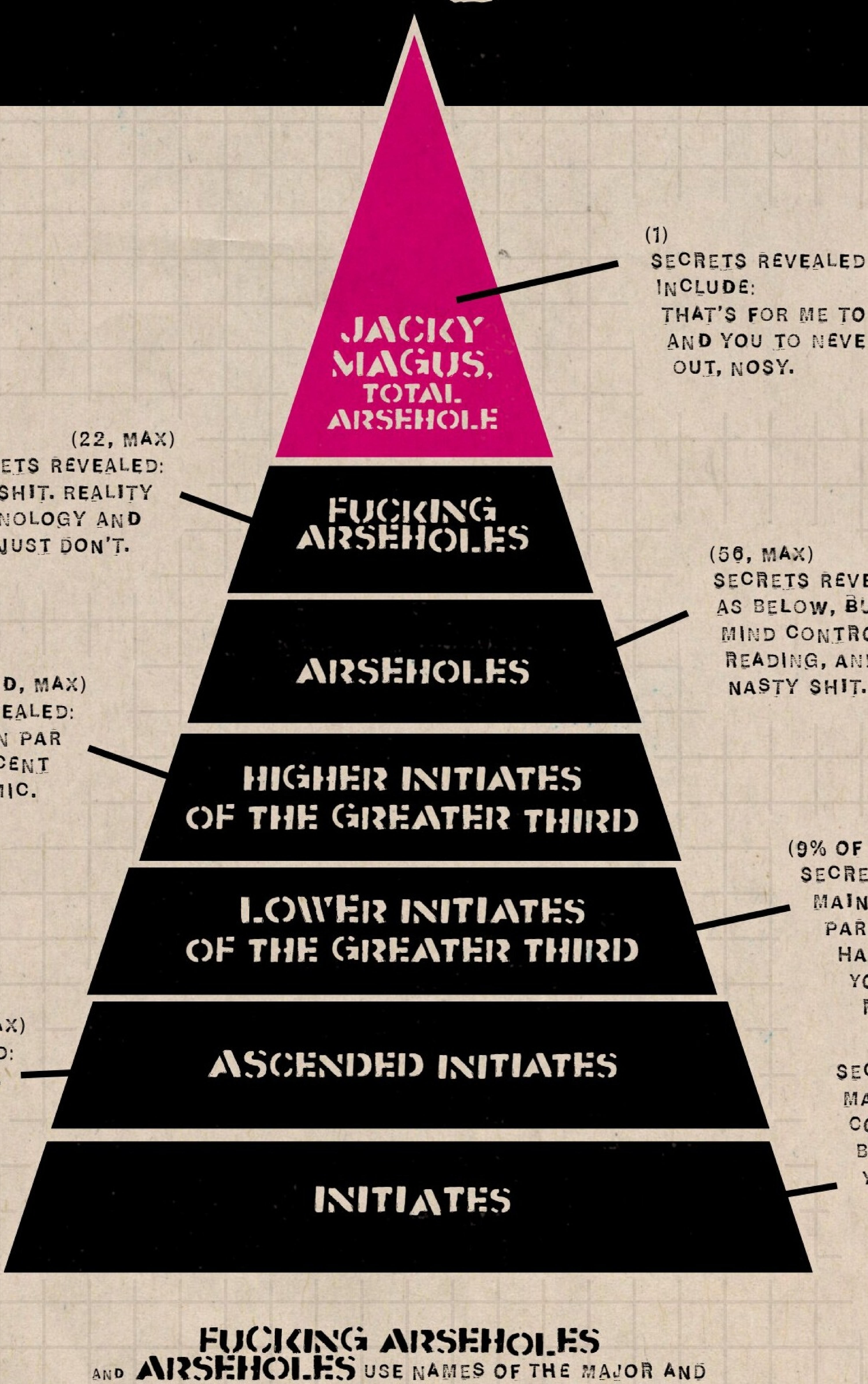
Chapter Five | TURNING REBELLION INTO MONEY

Update from Tokyo...
...Etienne evaded capture.
GOBLIN KING
Of course he did, the little toerag.
I'm surrounded by arseholes.

CULT
BRI
1978, BRIXTON, LONDON.
Come on, check the seals!
They need to be *fucking perfect.*
We need some bloody *privacy.*
Yeah, lawks! Don't want the fash to come peeking!
Christ, spare me from Yanks who think they can do a British accent.
Eliza, slap your boyfriend. He's a toerag and you deserve better.

"Yeah, you want to take him down the aisle, and Lover Boy just wants to take you up the shitter."
...Okay, that *was* better.
Enough bawdy entertainments from the cheap seats. Let's get down to business...
...as *congratulations* are in order.
You've climbed the pyramid. The top is in sight.
You've kicked posterior as Higher Initiates of the Greater Third...
...and are ready to ascend to the next level...
You're no longer Higher Initiates of the Greater Third...
You're all Arseholes.

THE PYRAMID



JACKY MAGUS, TOTAL ARSEHOLE

(1)
SECRETS REVEALED INCLUDE:
THAT'S FOR ME TO KNOW AND YOU TO NEVER FIND OUT, NOSY.

FUCKING ARSEHOLES

(22, MAX)
SECRETS REVEALED:
DIMENSIONAL SHIT. REALITY FUCKING. DEMONOLOGY AND WHY YOU JUST DON'T.

ARSEHOLES

(56, MAX)
SECRETS REVEALED:
AS BELOW, BUT MORESO. MIND CONTROL, MIND READING, AND ALL THAT NASTY SHIT.

HIGHER INITIATES OF THE GREATER THIRD

(3% OF THE PYRAMID, MAX)
SECRETS REVEALED:
VIOLENCE STUFF ON PAR WITH A HALF-DECENT ATOMIC.

LOWER INITIATES OF THE GREATER THIRD

(9% OF THE PYRAMID, MAX)
SECRETS REVEALED:
MAIN ONE? VIOLENCE ON PAR WITH A BIG HANDGUN. TO SEE WHAT YOU DO WITH IT, REALLY.

ASCENDED INITIATES

(33% OF THE PYRAMID, MAX)
SECRETS REVEALED:
ACTUAL MIRACLES. FLIGHT'S THE BIG ONE. ASCENDED INITIATES, GEDDIT?

INITIATES

SECRETS REVEALED:
MAINLY STUFF YOU COULD DO IF YOU CAN'T BE ARSED TO DO IT YOURSELF. TELEKINESIS IS BASICALLY WALKING OVER AND LIFTING STUFF, FOR THOSE WHO CAN'T BE ARSED TO STAND.

FUCKING ARSEHOLES AND **ARSEHOLES** USE NAMES OF THE MAJOR AND MINOR ARCANA RESPECTIVELY WHEN CONVERSING WITH LOWER INITIATES, BUT MUST ALWAYS REMEMBER THAT THEY ARE ACTUALLY JUST **ARSEHOLES**

YOU'RE tHE ARSEHOLE!!
Yeah, you got it!
The Pyramid is a *cult.*
Cults are for arseholes.
You actually have real power, and I'm going to teach you some of the real nasty shit...
The power you have doesn't change that you're just another everyday arsehole.
Does that include you?
Especially including me, numb-nuts. This is a ***cult,*** I'm the ***cult leader,*** and we know how that goes.
If at any point any of you--***any of you***--find yourself sucking my cock, bring me down, any way you can!

1999, HAVEN.
That was horrible.
That poor woman.
Tonya, you're a good one to see it from her shoes. Most wouldn't.
Most want to off her. Etienne did.
Magus and Valentina talked him out of it.
Masumi dies...*it* arrives. Scary shit.
Etienne is scary shit. I keep thinking about it.
He was sitting opposite me as he killed all those people. I swear, he took sips of coffee while he was doing it.
Yeah. I think he's getting more distant, too. Him and that big brain of his, all isolated.
I can throw a continent into space, sure...and that's so big and abstract, I probably could. It's pressing a button, not sticking a gun in someone's face.
Etienne kills, and he's with them. He *knows* them. He's the scariest motherfucker alive.
Christ. I need to get stoned. You?

I want to do something more than get stoned?
You sure that's a good idea?
No, I'm not.
But I think we're all going to die and I want to feel something that isn't that.
I get that.
If the earth moves, I swear, it's not me.
You've used that line before.
Guilty.
"I don't mind being called a cult leader, as it's true..."

...but I fucking *hate* when people call me a "mystic."
I'm not a fucking mystic. From mystic we derive "mystify." As in, bullshit artist.
The truth is always simple. If someone tries to prettify it, they're selling you something. Fuck that.
Magic exists for one reason.
Valentina arriving punched a pinhole between her gaff and ours, and heaven is leaking all over the shop.
That's why magic started working in 1945, in a half-arsed way.
All those occultists were trying to open the locks to the universe with spaghetti.
But I knew folks would keep on trying... and people would get hurt.
So I created the pyramid to offer an on-ramp-- you want to learn magic? This is the way...
And *you* choose who gets the good stuff.

Exactly. And look who I'm choosing.
You lot.
Punks. And punks who read books and hate power.
Not the kind who are just looking for a chance to rumble with the fash.
WAR
Truth is, on some level all they're looking for is a chance to rumble. Can't trust them.
The cult of violence is just another cult. Can't trust anyone in a cult.
Arseholes, the lot of them.
The Major is Counting On YOU!
ARSE HOLE
Because power isn't the problem.
Arseholes plus power is all the woe in the world.

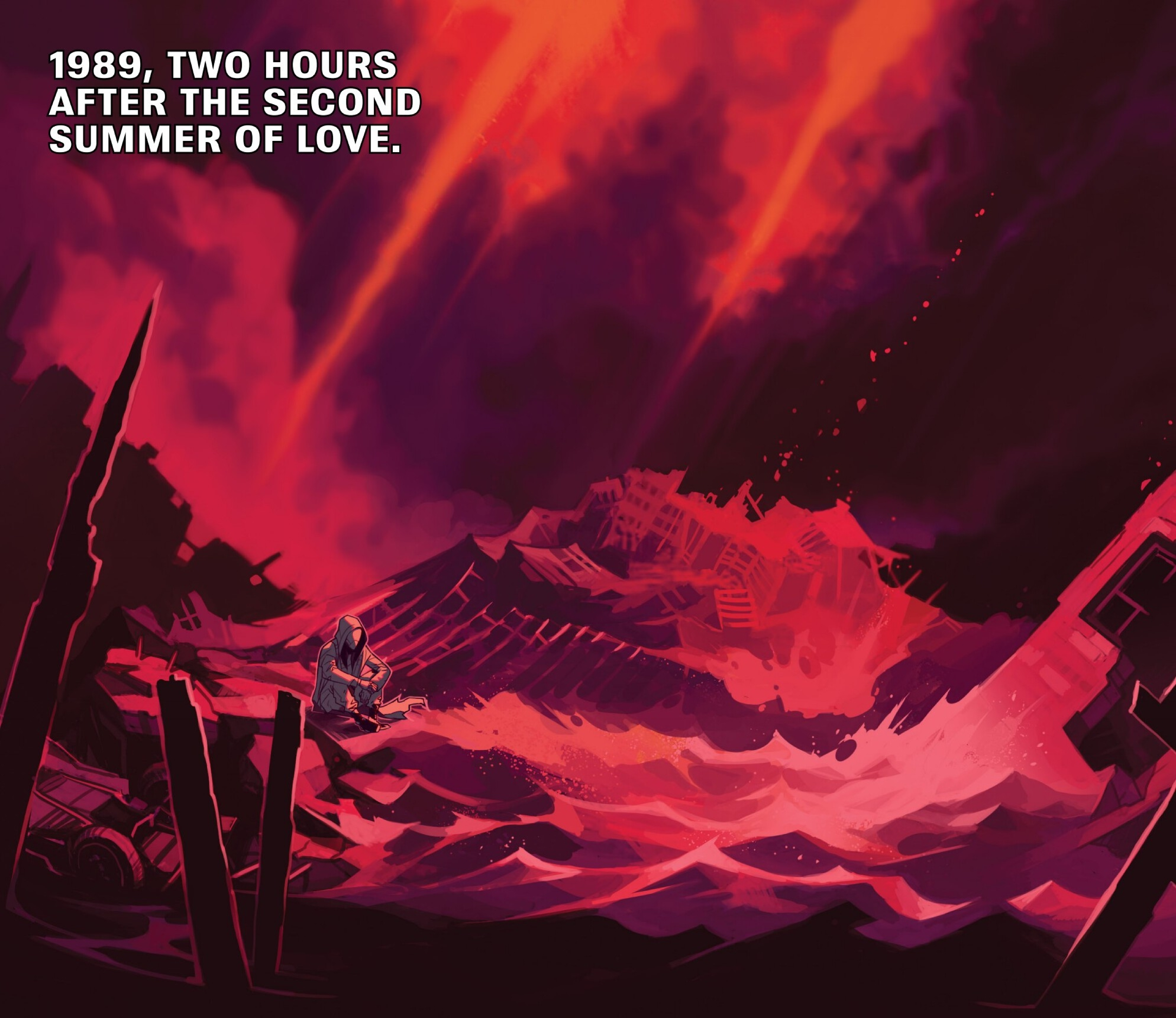
1981, THREE YEARS LATER.
The sun's coming up in America, and the president has a breakfast order...
I prefer these chats when we just talk, Glenn Campbell.
Can't just chew over Galveston's middle-eight all day, honey.
Lots of details to go through. He needs free-range in Afghanistan, the Middle East and North Africa and all that...
But mostly...Iran made a mistake in picking their leaders.
He's going to un-make it.
America wants another fucking war?
You're hungry to get your ass kicked again?
They won't. This time *I'll* be involved.
And you expect us to do nothing?
Neocolonialism by brinksmanship? Fantastic.
Oh, fuck it.
Etienne. Side-bar.

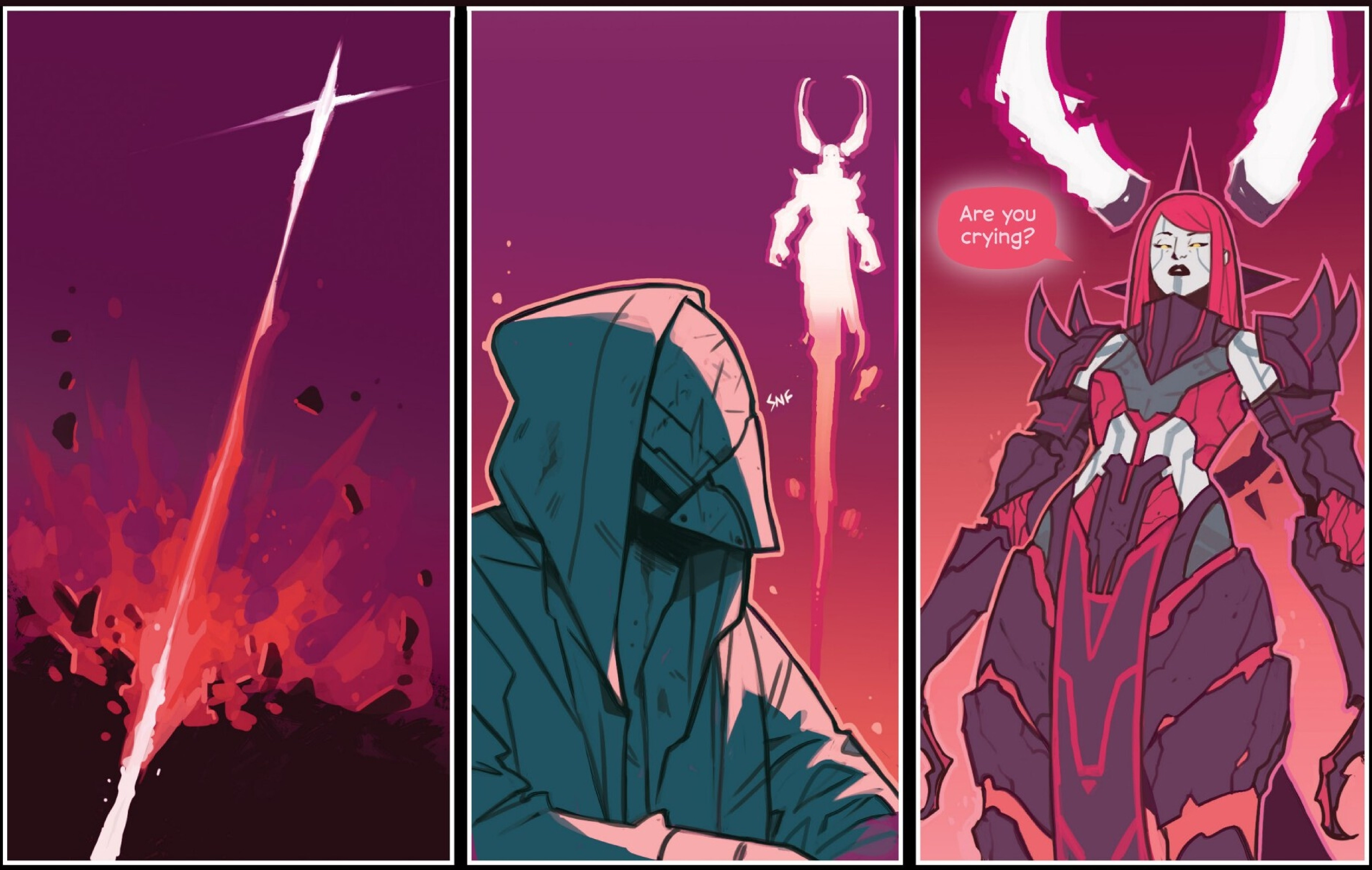
The Major here is faking. It's all bluff.
He can kick the world's ass, sure, and he's hardened to Etienne, but he's only so tough.
And if he's dead, he can't do anything.
A first strike is all he's got.
How do you know this?
Knowing things is what I do.
Valentina... here's my working.
Well? Is it true?
Valentina?
He's right.
Well, what about it--

THAPK
And that's for the last three years of Vietnam, you fucking cunt.
:Sigh: I'll talk to this actor-turned-president and break the news.
I'll be ready to play catchy-nuke if we need to.
Thanks a lot, Heavy.
Jesus. Killing someone and saying a one-liner?
You're as American as he was.
Fuck you. I've spent a decade making concessions to him.
Why didn't you tell us before?
Because you'd have killed him, thinking it'd help, and all it's going to do is make everyone hate Atomics more, as you've torn away America's delusion that it matters.
I didn't tell you as *I know things.*
And I know an arsehole when I see one...
"You can't really trust anyone with real power. That's why you need limits."

Everything I teach comes with the big off switch. You're in the pyramid, or you're back outside, trying to open the door with pasta...
LEVEL ONE
LOWER
NEVER TRUST A
"The Lord gives and the Lord takes away."
Yeah, Eliza. That's ***exactly*** the sort of thing if you hear me saying, you slap me down.
And remember, arseholes...there's the ***Fucking Arseholes*** above you. There's shit I don't trust you lot with yet.
Especially you.
You hate this, don't you?
Yes! A million times yes!
I'm an anarchist and I've created an ***authoritarian secret society,*** as my politics are great for arranging potato distribution, but not great for dealing with the nuclear bomb that's turned up in the rhubarb patch.

Kicking out people and then stopping them trying to find their own way? I hate cops and *we're the fucking magic cops,* because I know the traps they could fall into--
How *do* you know all this?
C'mon, Eliza. Catch up. Knowledge is power, and I barely trust myself with that one.
There's shit I know that could end the world, and probably will.
But this is the truth...
...there is heaven above, and hell below, and neither of them are what you think those words mean.
We're the single timeline between them.
One chance is all you've got.
SNAP!
The Pyramid is going to do the greatest magic trick of all time.
The Pyramid is going to save the world.
Everything we do, we do together.


1989, TWO HOURS AFTER THE SECOND SUMMER OF LOVE.


SNF
Are you crying?

Yes, I fucking am.
Why aren't you?!
I have all the powers of hell at my fingertips.
That may not include the ability to weep.
Is the whole Pyramid... gone?
Yes. All 250,000 of them.
Fried them all to clean the mess the Queen made and try and save people and... fuck it.
We all made sacrifices.
They just died. You... oh, you dozy bint.
How the fuck did you even learn how to sell your soul? There's a reason I didn't promote you to Fucking Arsehole.
No, I know. I made a mistake and told someone who told you.
It's my fault then.
Shit. It's all down to me.

You will rebuild?
I'll try, but...who's going to join the Pyramid now when they know this could happen?
Let me tell you who.
Egotistical arseholes.
Arseholes with death wishes.
An occasional really good person who wants to be a martyr...
...which is a *special* kind of arsehole if you think about it.
Offense taken.
Good, you beautiful, sweet-hearted, doomed, dumb fuck.
No one's doomed.
What are you going to do?
Best part of a billion people are dead.
Give me time.
I'll work something out.

ATOMIC LEMON
300k
250k
200k
150k
100k
50k
1979
1989
1999
ATOM LEMO
-3.5% MEMBERSHIP
Fuck it.
You tried saving the world.
CRK
Look where that got you.

Oh god.
Oh fucking god.
Hey... are you okay?
No. I nearly died. I'm holding myself together, hoping it heals like the last times and...
I'm on so much Valium. And...fuck. It's a lot.
I... do you need anything?
Yes. Always. That's why I have people. I try not to be alone and...
...I know I'm nothing without Family.
. . .
There's someone I want you to meet.

There has to be some part of you that's pissed...
...the last guy *didn't* tell the Speaker they were going to try to kill Heavy?
I mean, it's why you're alive, so swings and roundabouts, right?
Mr. Magus. The help in Tokyo and now a personal visit? Why don't we skip the games.
What do you *want?*
You've got a problem, New Mr. President.
All those voters know, for certain, there's nothing you can do to protect them against us.
The U.S. needs one of *us.*
GOBLIN KING
So, yet again: what do you *want?*
Well, money, mate.
But I need *people*...and I was thinking...

...I need people who follow orders.
People who know their life is on the line.
People who may have a grudge against the big brain who killed a president.
GOBLIN KING
It's time to militarize magic.
You've always resisted direct involvement with the U.S. forces. Now you're suggesting mass recruitment.
Why *now?*
Because Etienne, Heavy, and the general proliferation of arseholes. I need to choose a side and I figure...the Pyramid is as American as apple pie.
It's already on the dollar bill.
But I had a fun idea...
GOBLIN KING
SNIP
2000 is an election year.
You're British. You can't be president.
Yeah, I know. Doesn't matter if there's no Britain anymore.
But I figure we'll work something out...

...because I think I belong in the White House.
I'm the Total Arsehole.
I'm overqualified.
GOBLIN KING

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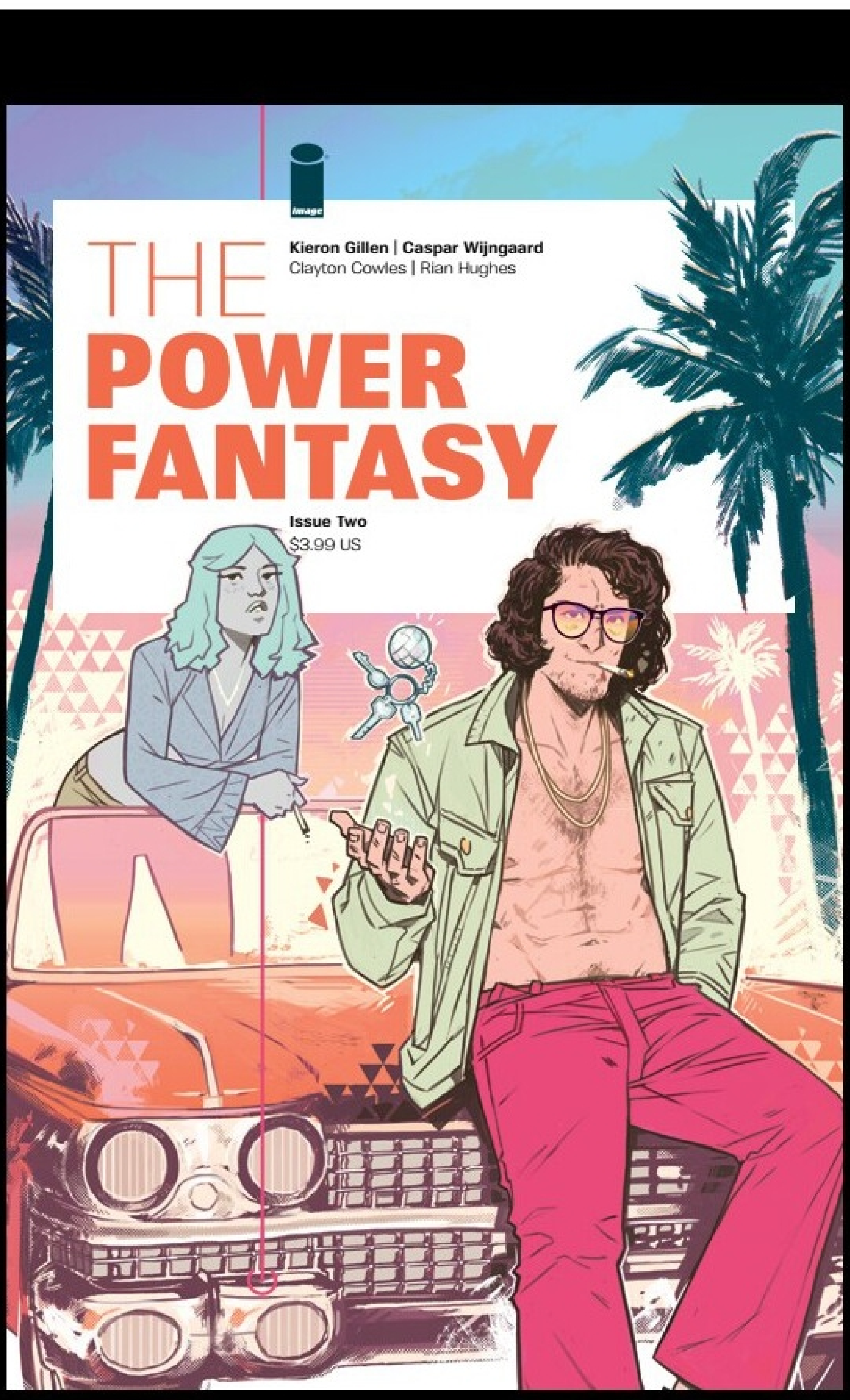
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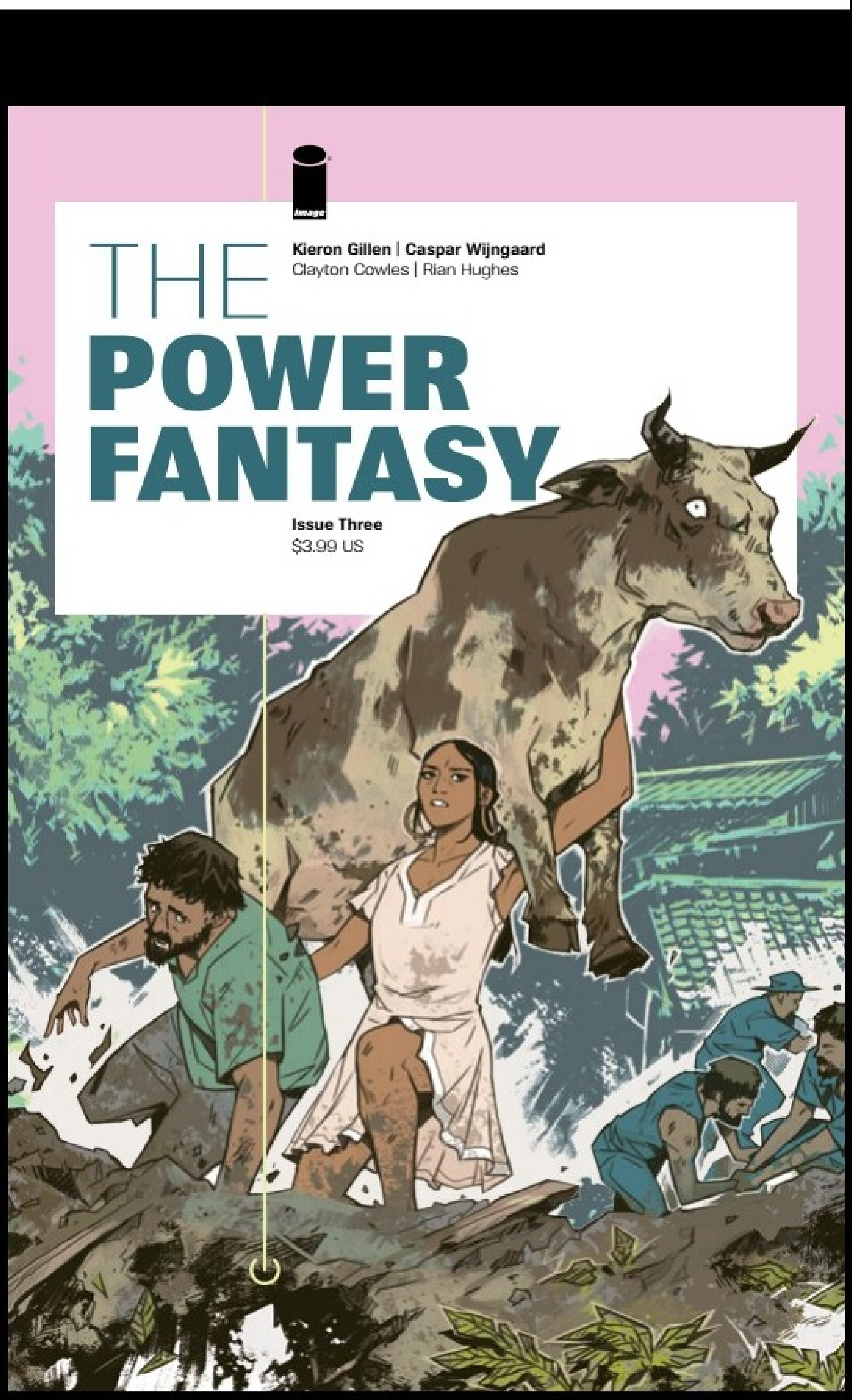
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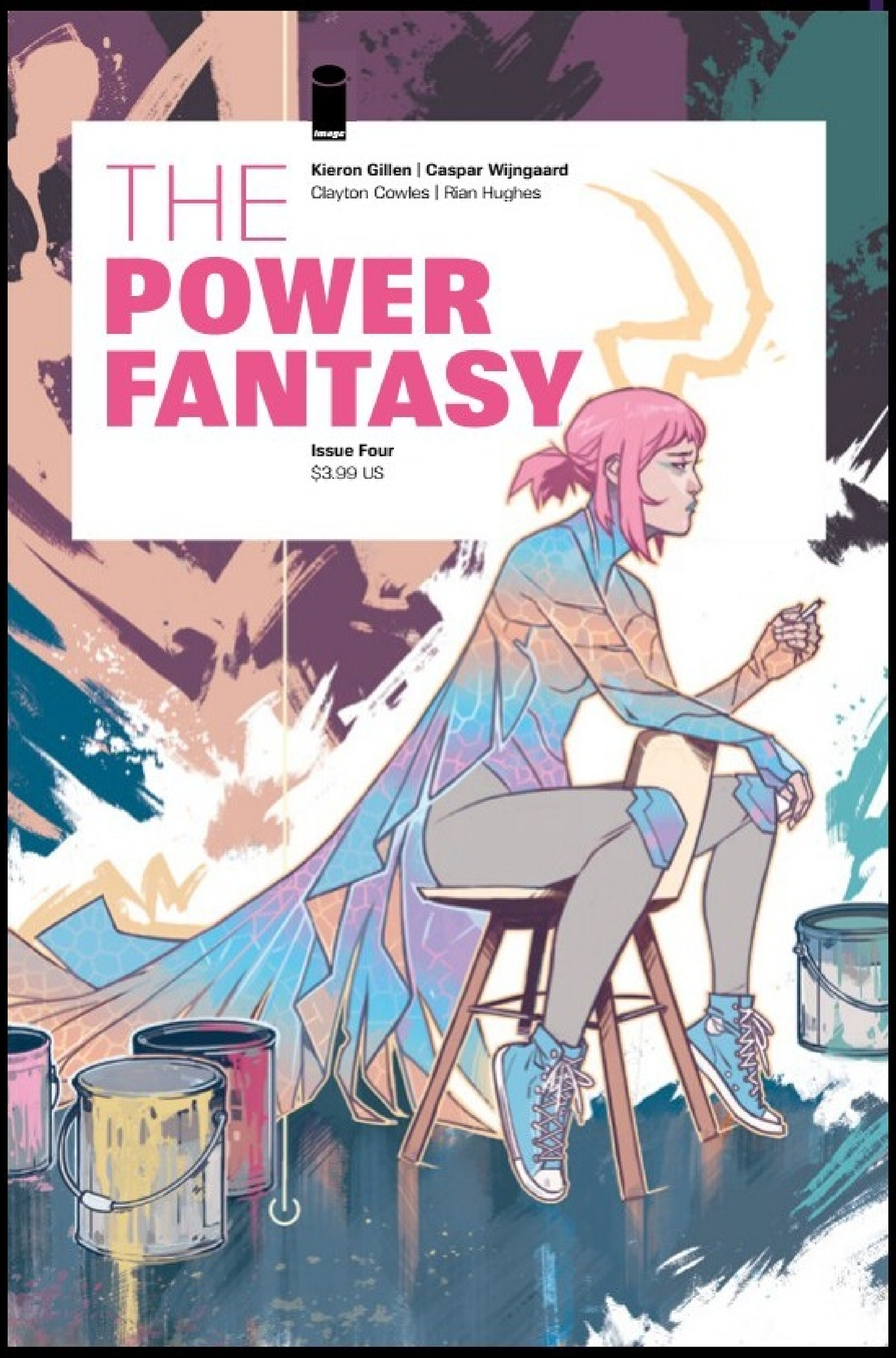
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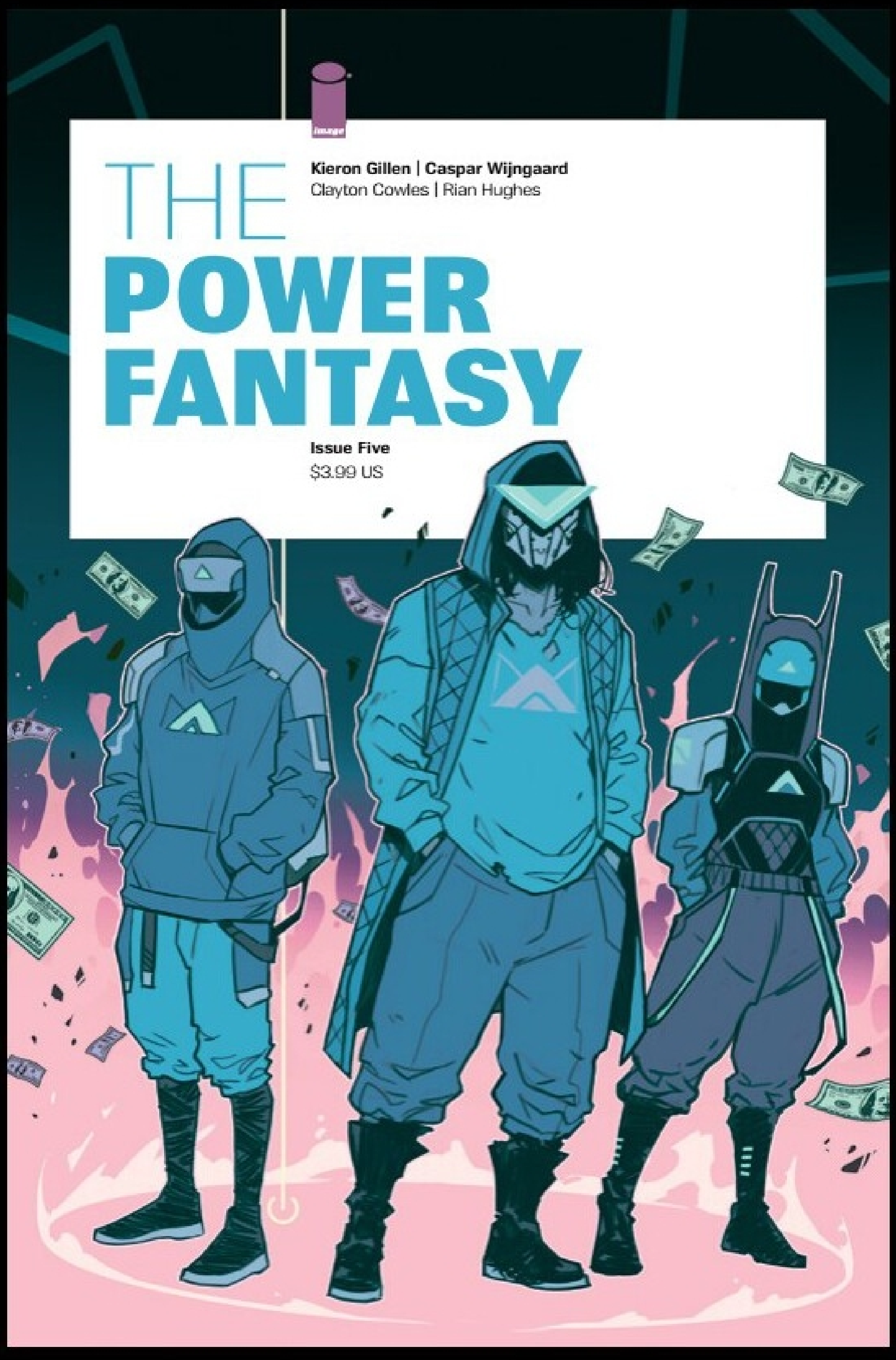
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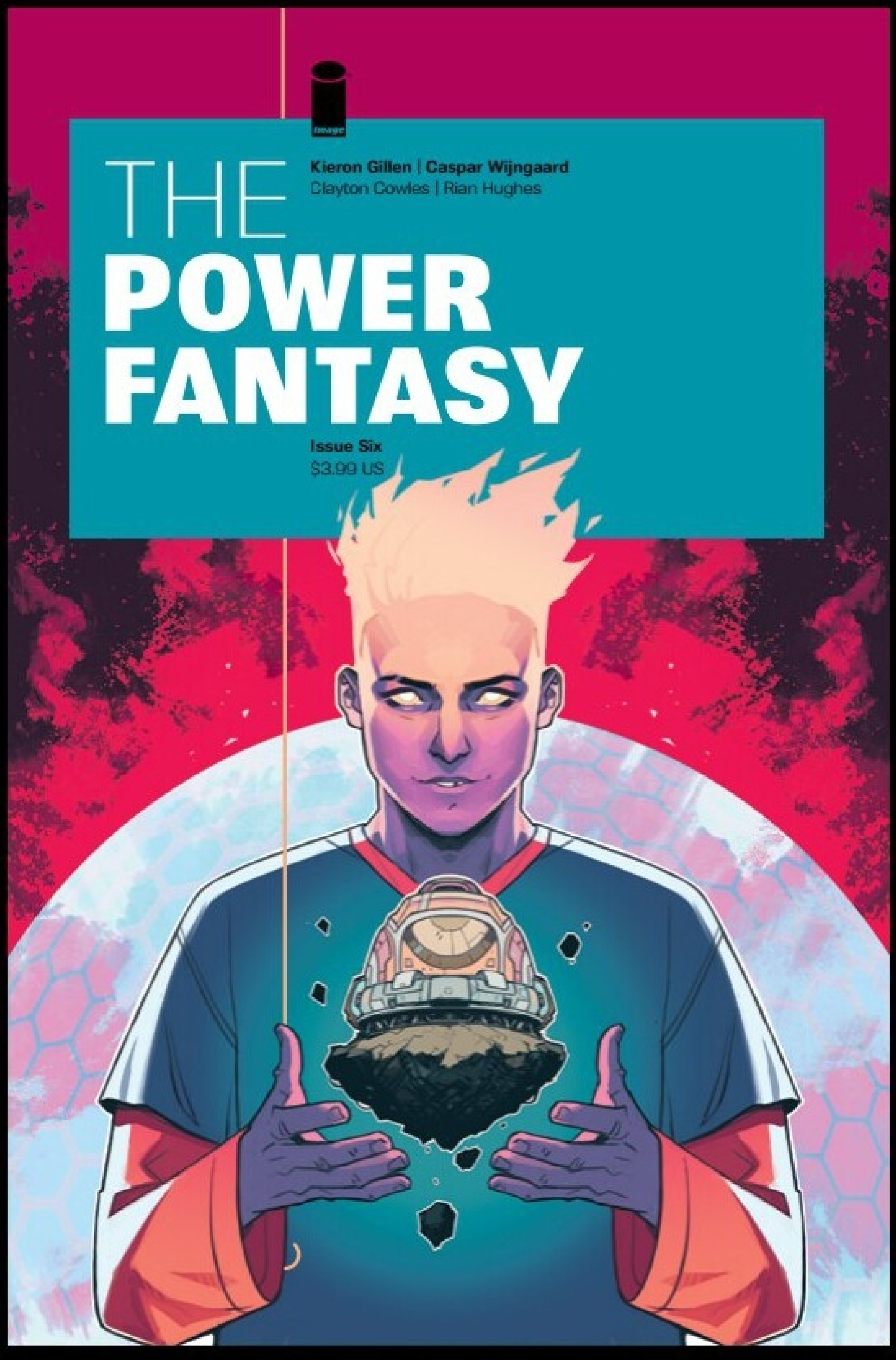
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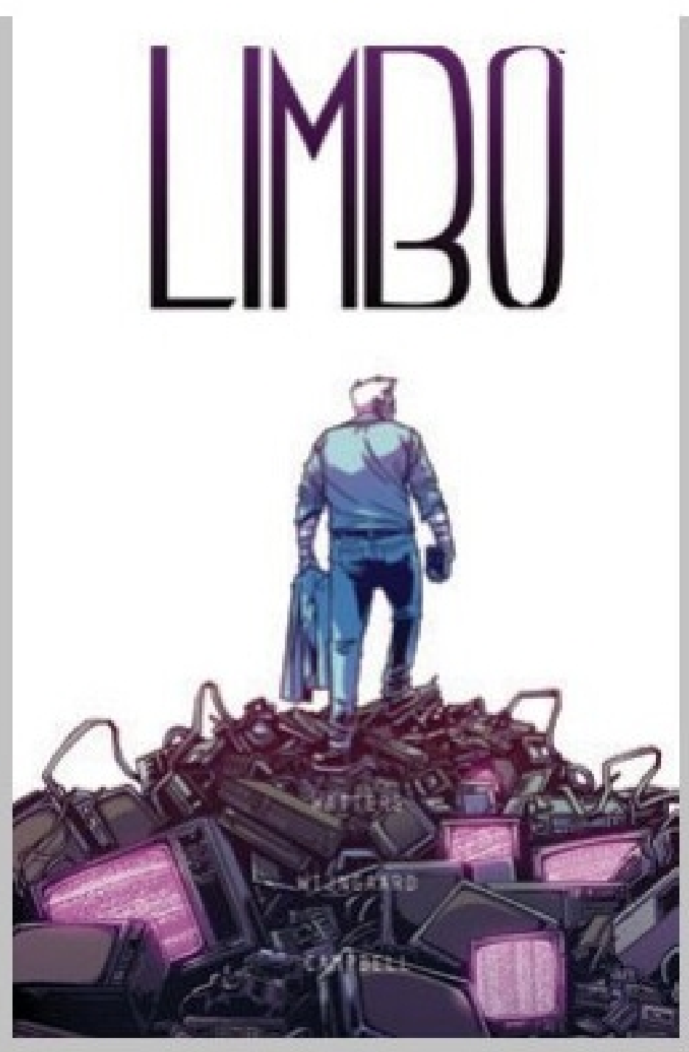

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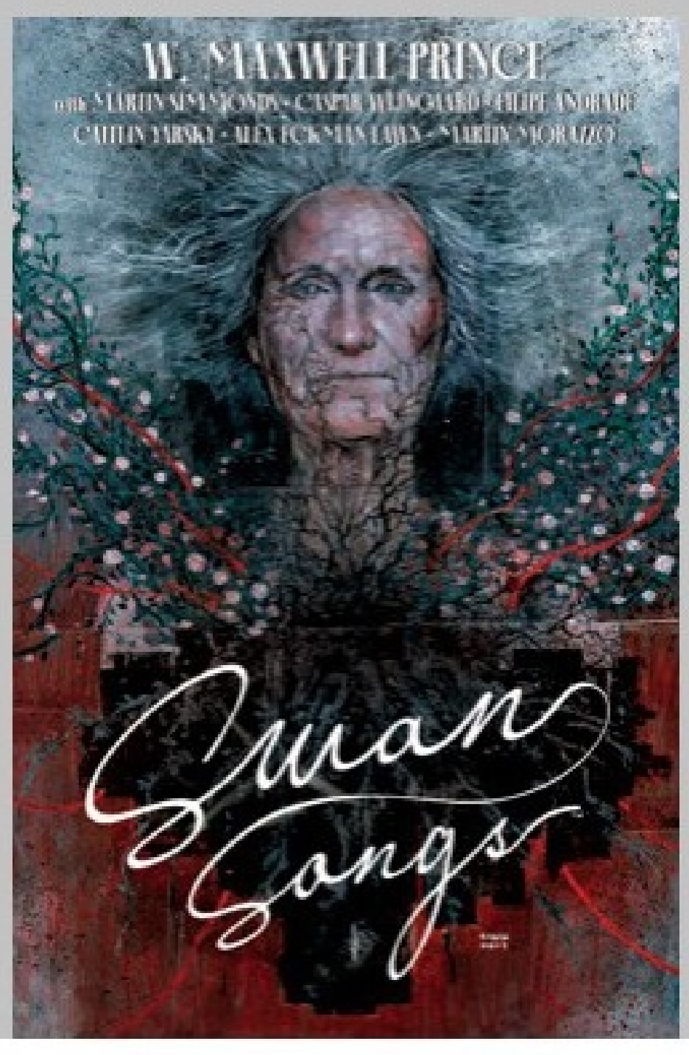
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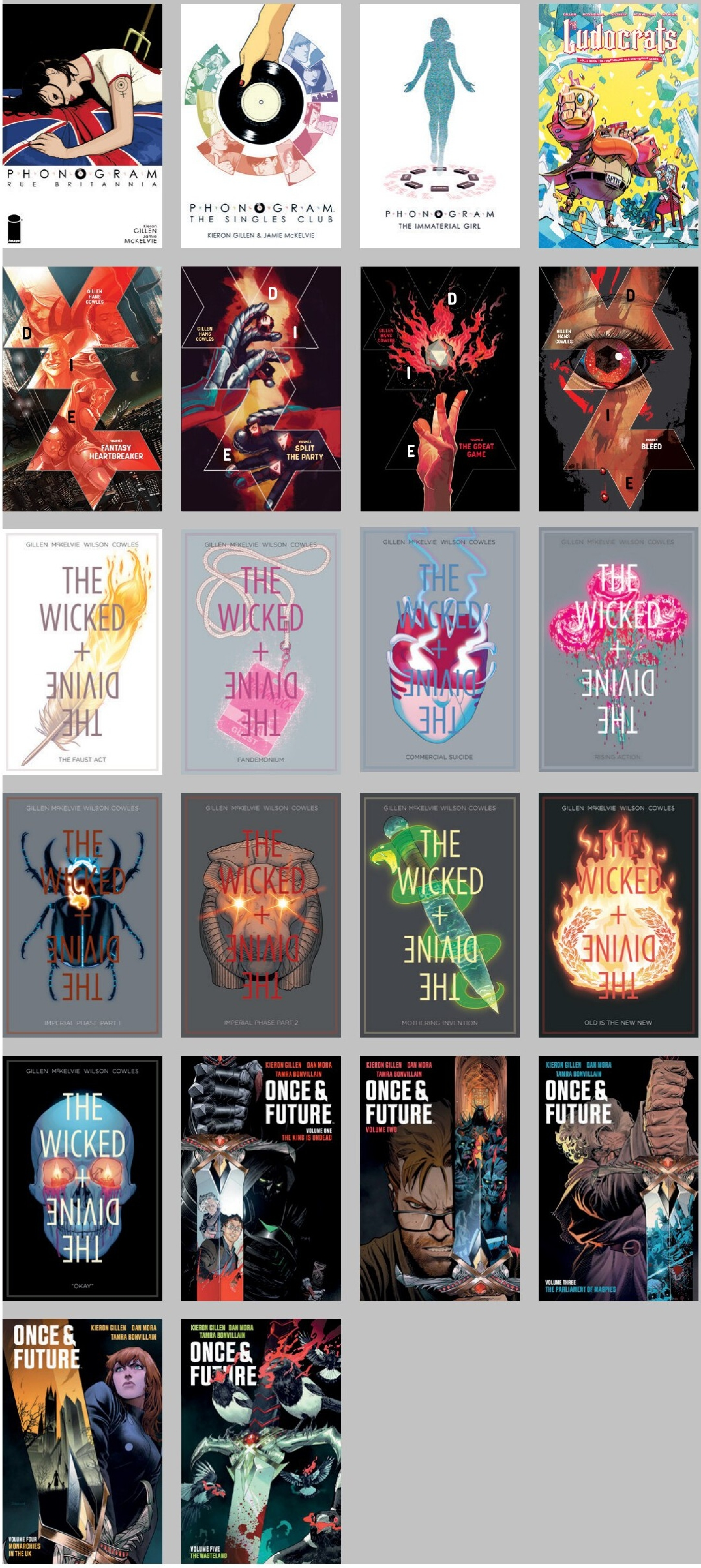
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Kieron GILLEN Jamie McKELVIE
PHONOGRAM THE SINGLES CLUB
KIERON GILLEN & JAMIE McKELVIE
PHONOGRAM THE IMMATERIAL GIRL
Ludocrats
DIE
GILLEN HANS COWLES
FANTASY HEARTBREAKER
SPLIT THE PARTY
THE GREAT GAME
BLEED
GILLEN McKELVIE WILSON COWLES
THE WICKED + THE DIVINE
THE FAUST ACT
FANDEMONIUM
COMMERCIAL SUICIDE
RISING ACTION
IMPERIAL PHASE PART I
IMPERIAL PHASE PART 2
MOTHERING INVENTION
OLD IS THE NEW NEW
"OKAY"
KIERON GILLEN DAN MORA TAMRA BONVILLAIN
ONCE & FUTURE
VOLUME ONE THE KING IS UNDEAD
VOLUME TWO
VOLUME THREE THE PARLIAMENT OF MAGPIES
VOLUME FOUR MONARCHIES IN THE UK
VOLUME FIVE THE WASTELAND

CREATOR BIOS

Kieron Gillen is an award-winning writer who has co-created comics such as *The Wicked + The Divine, The Power Fantasy, We Called Them Giants, DIE, Once & Future* and more. He has worked extensively for Marvel on books like *Immortal X-Men, Journey Into Mystery, Young Avengers, Darth Vader, Eternals* and a disturbingly large number more. He is based in Bath, UK. He has no plans to take over the world.

Caspar Wijngaard is an award-winning comic artist from the UK who has worked on titles such as *Star Wars: Doctor Aphra* and *Batman: Detective Comics.* He is also the co-creator of the series *Home Sick Pilots, Limbo,* and *All Against All.* He has no plans to take over the world.

Clayton Cowles is an Eisner and Ringo-nominated comic book letterer. Since graduating from the Kubert School in 2009, he has worked for every major publisher. He has worked with Kieron Gillen on *DIE, Eternals, Immortal X-Men, Journey Into Mystery, Phonogram, Star Wars, Three, We Called Them Giants, The Wicked + The Divine, Ludocrats,* and *Young Avengers.* He lives in upstate New York in a house with two cats, which is about all the world he can handle.

Rian Hughes is a graphic designer, illustrator, writer, typographer and sometime comic book artist who has worked for the British and American publishing, music, advertising and comic book industries. He has written and drawn comics for *2000AD* and *Batman: Black and White*, and designed logos for *James Bond, the X-Men, Superman,* and *The Avengers,* collected in the Eisner-nominated book *Logo a Gogo.* He has published two novels, *XX* and *The Black Locomotive*. He took over the world, but the paperwork is a nightmare.

To hear the team talk about the process of creating The Power Fantasy, *listen to our series of interviews on the podcast* Decompressed*. Find it online at decompressed.libsyn.com.*

There are six Superpowers on Earth. As in, individuals with the destructive capacity of the nuclear arsenal of the U.S.A. The planet's survival relies on them never, ever coming into conflict.

Come dance to the ticking of the doomsday clock with Kieron Gillen (*The Wicked + The Divine, DIE*) **and Caspar Wijngaard** (*Home Sick Pilots, All Against All*).

Collects *The Power Fantasy* #1–5.

"A brilliant redefinition of the concept of 'superpowers' that illuminates how precarious great-power competition renders our lives. Watch a masterpiece take form."
—Spencer Ackerman (Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist, *Iron Man*)

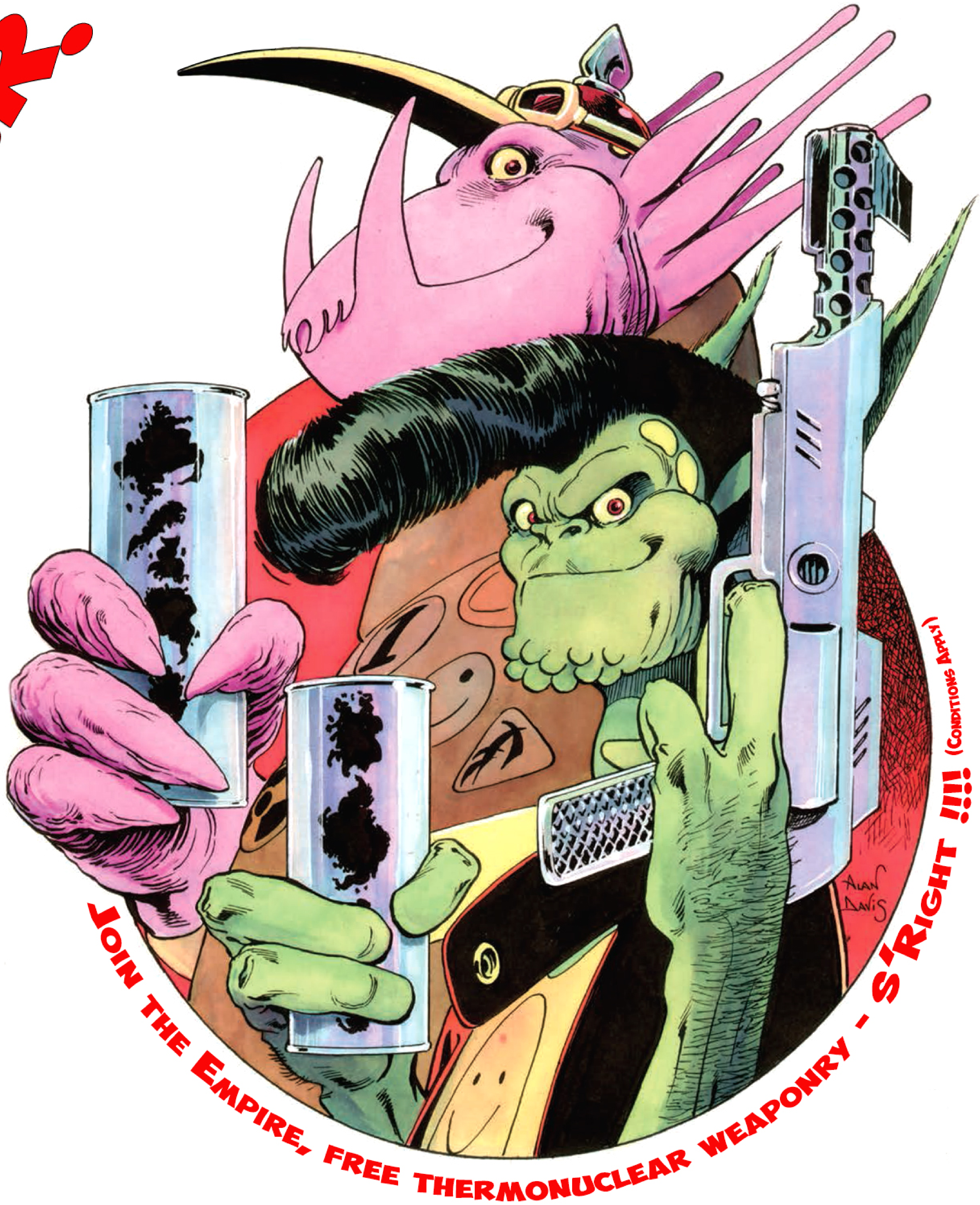
"The kind of comic comics have been waiting for."
—Matt Fraction (*Monarch: Legacy of Monsters, Sex Criminals*)

"...continues to create the impossible: a captivating superhero series where one wants the protagonists to do literally anything but fight."
—Lillian Hochwender (*Comics Watch*)

"An apocalyptic cross between *Watchmen* and *Succession* . . . one of the year's most anticipated new comics."
—Will Salmon (*Games Radar, Newsarama*)

Superheroes,
Supervillains,
Action / Adventure
Rated **M** (Mature)

D.R. & QUINCH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